

*The*

# SATURDAY REVIEW

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**The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You The Truth**

*Which is most important ?*

*THE SAFETY OF LONDON or the IMAGINARY  
dignity of the Prime Minister ?*

## YE CITIZENS OF LONDON

*By Lady Houston, D.B.E.*

LONDONERS,

**Y**OU are Citizens of no mean City and yet—the London we love and are so proud of—is the only Capital without any Defence against an invasion from the Air!

**D**O you realise what this means?

**I**T means that your homes and your children could be destroyed in a few hours.

**A**RE you content—IN ORDER TO PLEASE THE PRIME MINISTER—to remain in this deadly peril?

**T**HE finest machines and bravest airmen are eagerly waiting to be employed to protect you.

**D**O you want this protection?

**I** AM told it will cost two hundred thousand pounds, and I will gladly give this sum to save London and its inhabitants from this terrible danger—as a Christmas Present to my Country.

**T**HE Government will do nothing unless YOU tell them THEY MUST accept my offer.

Your true Friend,

LUCY HOUSTON.

**N.B.**—We now hear that the Prime Minister is considering this offer—but the more he considers it—the less he likes it—For THE SAFETY OF LONDON is the last thing he wants.

## Notes of the Week

### Co-ordination Not Needed

Certain words, writes A.A.B., become fashionable among politicians, and for a week or perhaps a month or two dominate the slang of politics. At one time we heard of nothing but "efficiency," which was started by Lord Rosebery, and was prevalent in the days when our public affairs were administered with the least business-like capacity. It was, no doubt, one of the contributory causes of our mistakes in the war, and was one of Mr. Lloyd George's excuses for the elevation of business men to Cabinet rank. "Co-ordination" is now the fashionable phrase of the hour, and it takes the form debated in the House of Commons of creating a Minister of Defence, who should gather into his hands the threads of the War Office, the Admiralty and the Air Force. Against this proposal it is urged that such a Minister would be more powerful than the Prime Minister.

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### Wanted a Superman

Another argument against a Minister of Defence, urged by Mr. Baldwin and the Prime Minister, is that no one man would be equal to the burden of co-ordinating the administration of the three chief arms of our National Defence. This last objection seems to me unanswerable. Indeed, both Mr. Baldwin and the Prime Minister told us plainly that the burthen of the Prime Minister as it is is almost unbearable. The Prime Minister and Mr. Baldwin both suggested that co-ordination in the sense of appointing a Minister of Defence would not work, and they both pleaded for leaving things as they are.

That was the system under which we waged the great war, and on the whole it was not unsuccessful, although Mr. Asquith was too fond of smoking cigars and of writing letters to Mrs. Harrisson. Anyway, I do not see any practical substitute for this concentration of finance and policy. Why not leave the thing as it is, but with a Chairman who understands the needs and the importance of the defence of the country better than the present Prime Minister as Chairman of the Imperial Committee of Defence?

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### Budget Problems

It is now tolerably certain that Mr. Chamberlain's surplus will be £30,000,000. Who is to get the first slice out of the cake? The Unemployment Insurance Fund owes the Treasury £110,000,000, and it is the wish of orthodox financiers that this debt should be paid off at the rate of £10,000,000 a year. There are other financiers and economists who say that the first thing to be done is to restore unemployment "cuts." If that course is adopted,

it is quite clear that the unfortunate income-tax payer will get little, if any, relief. But Mr. Chamberlain has told us that this Budget will provide some relief, however small, to all classes of income-tax payers. If the whole surplus were devoted to relieving the income-tax payer, it would mean 6d. in the pound off income-tax. But I doubt if any Chancellor of the Exchequer, in these democratic days, would dare to give the first place in the applicants for relief to the payers of income-tax.

There will be, no doubt, relief for the smaller income-tax payers in the shape of rebate, and increased allowances for children and dependants; but if the unfortunate rentier who pays income-tax gets a relief of 6d. in the pound, he will be very lucky.

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### What About It, Mr. Chamberlain?

[All this is very nice and pleasant, and I think everyone's cuts should most certainly be restored; but cuts restored and help given would not be much good if at any moment an enemy can come and drop bombs on us and wipe us out. Therefore, it would perhaps be a wiser plan to spend the whole of the thirty millions on providing defences throughout the country from enemy Air Raids—for that would not be nearly as much as is needed to put us on a par with Germany and Russia.

"Safety First" was once Mr. Baldwin's slogan—but now he has altered his tune to "Safety Last."

—EDITOR, *Saturday Review*.]

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### Who Should Pay?

The proposal that doctors and hospitals should receive a statutory payment for their services to those who are injured by motor accidents is only fair (writes A.A.B.). The hardships suffered by doctors called to attend the victims of reckless motorists for nothing is unbearable. So much so that doctors have been obliged to move their residences from propinquity to cross-roads. The same hardship falls upon the hospitals, which are near those monstrous by-pass roads. Mr. Oliver Stanley, the Minister for Transport, received a deputation which pressed for a statutory payment for doctors and hospitals which are compelled to render assistance to the victims of motorists. Mr. Stanley received the deputation sympathetically. In some cases the injured party pays nothing, chiefly through fear of admitting his liability to the accident. As the statutory compensation could not come out of State funds, Mr. Stanley said, there would be no difficulty about a financial resolution, though, if the money is not to come out of State funds, I should very much like to know where it is to come from?

In any event, it is a liability which the State, as the maker of these horrible by-pass roads, which

are ruining the beauty of our country, should assume.

[Hear, Hear!—EDITOR, *Saturday Review*.]...

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### A Limit to Vengeance

I sincerely hope that the Disinheritance Bill, which has already been passed by the House of Lords, will be passed by the House of Commons (writes A.A.B.). England is the only country which allows the principle of liberty of bequest to be carried so far that a man may wreak his vengeance upon his widow or his children by cutting them off with a shilling. By the laws of Scotland and of France a man is obliged to leave a substantial portion to his widow and children. I observe that the Disinheritance Bill is confined to small fortunes under £2,000. This strikes me as class legislation of the most objectionable type. If the principle is right, it should be applied to all fortunes of whatever size. I cannot think why the small testator should be subject to limitations which the multi-millionaire escapes, with full liberty to wreak his vengeance upon his unfortunate heirs. Freedom of bequest to a certain amount should be admitted, but the exercise of this tyranny of the dead hand over the succeeding generation is barbarous and inhuman. Luckily, the Court of Chancery has power to set aside any absurd and irrational wills, such as that a woman shall forfeit all her money if she marries again.

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### How?

What is known as the Stavisky scandal in France might in certain conditions be applicable to our own politicians. This was evident at the time of the South Sea Bubble. Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Marlborough both made large fortunes out of the South Sea scheme, but they were both clever enough and well informed enough to sell out in time. The Prince of Wales was Chairman of the South Sea Company, which is an absolutely unthinkable arrangement to modern ideas. If we wish to avoid Stavisky scandals we must make perfectly certain that our politicians are in no way concerned with the schemes of financial speculators.

[A.A.B. does not state how this can be done?—EDITOR, *Saturday Review*.]

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### No Notice Taken

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* says:

"General Goering's pacific protestations to *Le Jour* have caused almost no comment in the Paris Press, and are not even quoted to any notable extent in the review of the Press that most Paris papers publish.

"General Goering's utterances are so surprisingly various and his actions, not only as Prussian Premier, but also as Minister for Air, are so much more eloquent than his words, that his interviews carry little weight here.

"I learn from a well-informed source that the German air fleet which is being constructed under General Goering's auspices is to include 2,100 machines. Bombers are being constructed with no less vigour than fighting 'planes. These machines are being built at a speed that rivals the war-time achievements of aeroplane factories.

"Germany has already a better network of airports than any other European nation. Their number is approaching 100, and cannot be explained on commercial grounds."

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### Thanks to Lady Houston

Colonel P. T. Etherton, Secretary of the Houston-Everest Expedition, has been lecturing in Central Europe on the wonderful success of the expedition. He had a great reception in Prague where he spoke to an audience numbering more than a thousand people, and he paid a glowing tribute, which elicited much applause, to the patriotism and sportsmanship of Lady Houston, who had both financed the whole scheme in the most generous way, and shown an unflagging interest in everything pertaining to its execution. The Press of Prague united in its praises. By the way, suppose some patriotic citizen offered to give an enormous sum to provide for the air defence of Prague, would it be ignored by the Czechoslovak Government? Not likely! Lady Houston's magnificent offer of £200,000 for the air protection of London still stands, but then we have—well, we have Ramsay *et al*.

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### Incompetence of the Old Gang

Mr. Lloyd George, who nowadays sits apart like a Sibyl and utters unmelodious incantations, is not so very wrong after all when he says that this country has spent more than a thousand millions sterling with nothing to show but demoralisation and disaffection. When we see, up and down the country, various efforts made by serious persons to open up Occupational Centres for the Unemployed, so as to keep them from despair or turning to revolutionary doctrines, there is a good deal in what he says. I visited a number of these Centres a short time ago and can testify to the good they are doing except for one thing. They are not providing employment.

The Old Gang in Office try to console themselves with the argument, callous, cynical and utterly untrue, that unemployment of a million or two is chronic and ineradicable. The statement testifies to their own utter incompetence.



### Fallacy of the Dole

The Dole system is altogether wrong. As a temporary expedient after the war it was one thing, but as a recognised and definite feature of our lives it is hopelessly wrong. To the State, payment without work is profitless and extravagant, for there are vast public works which could be carried through to the enrichment of the State. Slum clearance on a national scale, financed by a national loan is one. Clearance of the Fen districts and other areas for agriculture is another. A third, shrieking for recognition, is the reconstruction of our coasts against corrosion. In fact, our coasts are steadily being eaten away through neglect of adequate protection. Hundreds of new roads, new tunnels and new bridges through country which would increase in material value in consequence is another need. The Government in the payment of the Dole is like a borrower in the hands of a money-lender who charges his sixty per cent. and nothing to show for it—except hatred.

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### England in Arcady

If by some decree of Providence all our present Ministers could be swept into the sea, with the result that we placed at the head of affairs men who acted for the benefit of the country, unemployment could be killed without the slightest question. To begin with, our imaginary Prime Minister would terminate all the present Trade Agreements with the Argentine, Denmark, Russia, Finland, and the rest, and impose a tariff on all their imports. He would bring Ireland to heel by an embargo on all goods, which would mortally wound the Hibernian Achilles' heel. He would impose an extra tariff on every foreign import, foodstuffs or manufactured, that entered on a subsidy by an amount more than equal to the subsidy. He would give a strong Preferential Tariff to the Oversea Dominions, so long as they were reciprocative, but he would arrange it so that the home manufacturer or farmer got a decided benefit, as both an employer and a taxpayer. He would refuse to give young women the Dole on any account, since they can always find work in domestic circles.

Finally he would bring in Compulsory Military Service for all young men from the ages of 18 to 20. It would clear the slackers and ill-disciplined youths off our streets, open up the employment market and introduce a new era of prosperity and security. Those who say unemployment cannot be cured are simply afraid to apply the remedy.

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### Blind Man's Bluff

Nothing new or unexpected was revealed in the Franch Note. Our readers at any rate could have looked for nothing else, because the *Saturday Review* has week after week stated the true position as regards France and Germany, and

noted, at the same time, the shifty attitude of our Government. It may be that we will see another wobble. What is certain is that we are no nearer the day of decision, for the Government now proposes to submit to France a series of questions on what she means by security, and to enter on fresh conversations with Germany and Italy.

Just think of it! The Government does not know what France means by security. Two years have passed since the Disarmament Conference first met; endless discussions and conversations have since taken place both in public and behind the scenes, to say nothing of the Continental tours of Mr. Henderson and Mr. Eden to probe, it must be supposed, the deepest depths of the whole question—from which, however, French security was never for a moment divorced. Yet our Government doesn't know. What fatuity! Or, rather, what hypocrisy! But the really dangerous result of it all is the postponement—for weeks probably—of anything like the remedying of that defencelessness of England which should be the first and supreme consideration.

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### Pith of the Matter

England *must* rearm! The issue is in essence simple. Either we accept the French demand for security, and then France will politely but firmly suggest that we make our support of her genuinely effective by adequate rearmament. Or we do not accept the French demand at all and then it will soon be clear to all except inveterate isolationists that, without French support, we are so absolutely defenceless that we must begin at once on a very considerable scale, a scale of which the Estimates had no idea, to rearm for the very safety of our own hearths and homes. *England naked to attack*—that is the situation, in any case, as things are. It is an intolerable situation.

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### The Hint from Krupps

Happily, as things are going, there are few Britons who do not know something of Krupps, the great German armament makers of Essen. For months past the *Saturday Review* has drawn attention to the fact that Germany was rearming far in excess of the Peace Treaties. Germanophiles have denied some of these accusations, but there was plenty of foundation for them. We wonder what they will say to the statement publicly made in Berlin to the effect that Krupps, among the biggest armament manufacturers in the world, have during the last two years put 16,000 more men on their payroll, the largest part of this increase having taken place quite recently.

The firm now announces it is setting aside the equivalent of a million pounds to take on 7,000 more men—under the plea of "providing against unemployment." Fine, isn't it? But how unpleasantly suggestive for us.



# Oil in England

By A.A.B.

**A**FTER all, England is a lucky country. She suffered grievously in the great war. She was nearly ruined by the ignorance and the extravagance of the Socialists, who threw up the reins at the eleventh hour, and abandoned the chariot with one wheel over the precipice to the care of the National Government, with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Snowden left in charge. Our finances were saved from bankruptcy, but our tax-payers are grievously overburdened still, so much so that the rentier might well believe that we were sinking into the Serbonian bog.

Suddenly, last week, there emerged the almost unbelievable news that a belt of petroliferous land, has been discovered, stretching from the Humber on the East Coast to Cardigan Bay on the West. Oil mining is the biggest gamble in the world, and, obviously, the presence of natural oil right in the centre of England, is at present mere speculation. But this great adventure is so far authenticated by our experts, that the Government has taken steps to encourage the search for natural oil, and to protect the orderly method of its exploitation.

## A Bold Step

The Petroleum Production Act of 1918 will be repealed, and the Government proposes to introduce a new measure to sweep away the obstacles that have so far prevented an intensive search. One great and bold step the Government has taken. All oil hereafter produced is to belong to the State, and to no private person whatever, although the oil obtained will produce national revenue and compensation to landowners. We have apparently learnt our lesson from the history of coal, which has turned out to be disastrous.

It may be remembered that Lord Beaconsfield in 1872, in dwelling upon his favourite theme of empire and liberty, reminded us that we had recklessly given away most of the potential wealth in our Dominions. Lord Beaconsfield declared that we ought to have reserved large portions of the territory of Australia and Canada for the benefit of the State. These unused territories might at this time have proved very valuable ground for the recruiting forces of the empire, and as potential reserves of unexplored mineral wealth. In England and Scotland the law, as is well known, is that all minerals from the centre of the earth to the sky belong to the owner of the land under which the minerals, of whatever kind, are discovered.

We have learnt better than that by this time. There is to be no private ownership of oil wells; but all petrol is to be the property of the State wherever found. Coal, it is pointed out by Mr. Runciman, differs from oil in that it remains

*in situ*, but oil may pass under the property of many landowners to a bore. The Government do not propose expropriation, and Mr. Runciman made it quite clear that the terms given to landowners, under whose property oil may be found, will be generous, and that the State will make due provision for the disturbance of property, and the loss of amenities. The production of oil in Texas and the United States has not been conducted by methods that are satisfactory, or even orderly.

## The Great Gamble

It must be remembered that the whole affair is as yet merely at the stage of survey, and it is quite premature to suppose that oil, in payable quantities, will be found in the centre of England. Obviously, if it is found in payable quantities it will be as important a discovery as was coal, and will put a new face on our finances. Whilst the surveyors in the employ of the Government are busily at work, it may be supposed that applications for licenses to explore from private individuals will not be lacking. The applicants, of course, to pay money for the granting of concessions.

Mr. Runciman made a cautious and hopeful speech, and he is quite alive to the importance of keeping the lion's share to ourselves. It will be a turn of luck that England has well deserved if it should turn out that petrol in payable quantities lies beneath the surface of England's green and pleasant lands. If this should be so, it will be a matter of congratulation and a great stroke of luck for Englishmen. It has come, too, just at the moment when petrol is being used in aid of or substitute for coal in sea and on dry land, and for which our future increased Air Force will be truly thankful. As a gamble it is exciting, even more exciting than sweepstakes and lotteries.

## Side-Lights on Old London

By F.W.H.

I wonder how many people who pass through Upper Thames Street (close to Cannon Street station) have noticed the old Watch House, built in the year 1557?

The exterior of this building remains practically the same as it was when first erected. Level with the pavement, a recess can be seen, in which the watchman kept his bell.

It was his duty to guard the graves from body-snatchers! Besides guarding the burial ground of the church—All Hallows-the-Less (the site of which edifice now only remains, as the church was destroyed in the Great Fire, 1666), it was his duty to perambulate the district and call upon the citizens to put out their fires and lights.

# More Trouble in India

By HAMISH BLAIR

(*The Man on the Spot*)

**L**ORD BRABOURNE'S piteous appeal to the Bombay politicians to "come out openly" in support of the White Paper has not met with very encouraging response. Mr. Jinnah, who is certainly the most prominent politician in Bombay, with considerable prescience as to how the cat will jump, has gone in precisely the opposite direction. Speaking at a public meeting within a week of Lord Brabourne's S.O.S. he roundly declared that:—

THE ALL INDIA FEDERATION VISUALISED IN THE WHITE PAPER SCHEME WAS NOT A REAL AND GENUINE FEDERATION, THAT IT WOULD CREATE AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF ILL-FEELING AND ILL-WILL BETWEEN THE INDIAN STATES AND BRITISH INDIA, AND THAT IT WOULD PROVE A FAILURE.

Not a very enthusiastic backing for the MacDonald-Hoare bantling, but it is the only response so far by a prominent politician to the Bombay Governor's appeal. In view of the accumulating evidence that no one in this country wants the White Paper it will require an increasing hardihood on the part of its sponsors at home to maintain that the surrender of the Empire is necessitated by an upheaval of popular opinion in India.

## Another Paradox

Logically, the corollary so frequently put forward, namely, that to hand over to the Indian politician is the only way to avoid serious disturbances, should follow the "irresistible demand" theory into Limbo. It is one of the innumerable paradoxes of the Indian situation that this by no means follows.

The British elector cannot be told too clearly that disturbances in India are now inevitable *whether any attempt is ever made to implement the undertakings of the White Paper, or whether it isn't*. That this should be so is a useful commentary on the wisdom of the policy that has led up to the present situation, but there is nothing to be gained by blinking the fact. Disturbances, of a seriousness which will vary according to how much or how little of the White Paper is sought to be enforced, will assuredly take place in the near future. It is important that this should be grasped beforehand; and also the culpability of a Government which, with all the obstinacy of the proverbial weakling, maintains its determination to force its programme of revolution upon an increasingly hesitant Parliament and people.

Of the two alternatives, an attempt to carry out the White Paper scheme would of course lead immediately to disastrous and irreparable results. Chaos would "come again like a flood," to quote Sir John Strachey's vigorous phrase. "Safeguards" would be torn up, governments would be dominated, if not run by Terrorists, trade would collapse,

every British interest would be ruined, and for that matter every Indian interest also. The ensuing anarchy would only be terminated by the intervention of a strong foreign Power, preferably Britain, but more probably Russia or Japan!

So much for the outlook should the White Paper policy be put seriously to the test. In one word it spells catastrophe. But what if the White Paper doesn't come off? What if the Princes won't federate? What if the money can't be raised? What if Parliament suddenly tears off its blinkers and spits out its muzzle? What, in short, if Messrs. MacDonald and Hoare can't deliver the goods? You must remember that the Premier has talked to the Indian politicians as though he owned the British Parliament.

Implicitly and explicitly his speeches have been such as to raise the wildest hopes in India. He has "pledged" Great Britain to concessions on which Indian politicians have come to bank because they are confident of using them as a lever to hoist us out of the country. From Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru downwards they have told us quite a lot about what they mean to do when they are placed in power.

## Near to Revolution

If—or rather when—these expectations are disappointed do you imagine they are going to take it lying down? On the contrary! The politicians will have a real grievance at last; and when we consider the capital they have made out of non-existent ones, we may rest assured they will exploit it to the very utmost. The so-called "Moderates" have looked forward absurdly enough, to becoming the masters of India. We shall speedily be given a taste of their "moderation" when they discover their mistake. They will join hands with the Congress to stir up unrest and foster disaffection, and should the Government betray any weakness of the kind that obtained three years ago we shall have a repetition of the disorders that came very near to revolution then.

Whatever happens there is going to be serious trouble in India. Make no mistake about that. Of the two alternatives, however, the second is by far the lesser evil, because the British Government will remain in control. The Indian politician is a humbug, whether he is mouthing loyalty or sedition. Give him a taste of firm government, and he collapses.

But if we hand over charge to these same politicians, we shall be guilty of the insensate folly of Samson in the hands of Delilah. In delivering the country over to anarchy we shall raise up problems compared to which the present state of things will be child's play. Should we lose control now, we shall have to fight later on not merely against internal forces of disruption. We shall be called upon, in all probability, to deal with a foreign invader as well.

India, 8 March, 1934.

# Sowing the Wind . . .

By KIM

**W**E live in an age of silly slogans and false political labels, and the two combined often present a seemingly irresistible appeal to the unthinking.

The "National" label is bad enough in all conscience sake, but infinitely worse—that is, if there can be a sliding scale in shams—is the label of the Labour Party. And as this Party is plucking up courage and benefiting by the mistakes of the present Government, we must not allow it to score by default.

It depends for support to a considerable extent on the persons who will not work if they can be kept without it, and its appeal is mainly based on class hatred, envy, malice, and ignorance. Such is invariably the staple of its leaders' outlook and accordingly it is not surprising that spoliation or confiscation of their neighbours' goods is the meretricious if sparkling prospect these men dangle before their followers' noses. In other words, the real policy of the "Labour" Party as a whole is of merely organised brigandage, and the weapons used to achieve their ends are blackmail and threats.

## Their Real Title

That these words are not exaggerated was proved by the ghastly failure which attended the Party's period of Office, when the whole bag of tricks ignominiously collapsed in 1931. There were then over 2,700,000 men and women out of work, and the National Unemployment Fund so recklessly administered that it was running into debt at the rate of over a million sterling a week. We were importing nearly 400 millions per annum above our visible exports.

They call themselves Socialists but they are really Internationalists, and though outwardly they refuse to accept the label of Communists, all their actions prove that to be their real title. With half a chance they link arms with the Russian Bolsheviks. They have the predatory instincts of Stalin and his savage methods of class oppression, of utter tyranny, and the destruction of every single ideal which England has regarded with sacred concern throughout the centuries. They want, as the beginning of their cherished designs to destroy the Monarchy, the Church, and religion, and, of course, the House of Lords. If this were successful it would plunge the country into bloodshed, bring ruin on every home, and lead to scenes infinitely worse than even if a foreign conqueror were to grind our necks under his foot. They may not all visualise the effect of such a revolution, but once begun the rest would inevitably follow.

They have said what they are after as far as they dare. Mr. Will Thorne, M.P. (now a C.B.E.) for example, and one of the lesser fire-brands of the Revolution, said, "I believe the Lords, the Monarchy, and the Church, will all go at one and the same time," his wish being father to the

thought. "I have no respect and nothing but contempt for Royalty," exclaimed Mr. George Buchanan, M.P. one of the darlings of the Reds. Lord Snowden before he donned a coronet, opined that, "A popular King may be a greater danger to democracy than a despotic autocrat," which meant that his supporters ought to regard the Throne with suspicion. Mr. Lansbury has publicly said that he is a republican, which logically means that he would welcome the destruction of the Throne. Professor Laski, one of the bright-eyed boys of the movement (which has captured the Oxford Union) with Russia as his spiritual home, says, "A Monarchy and a Socialist Democracy are not, in the long run, easily compatible." When does the "long run" terminate in Professor Laski's mind?

## "Sack the King"

Recently we have Sir Stafford Cripps, son of a Peer, who does not hesitate to menace the King in a speech, from which he runs away when he sees with uneasiness that he has caused a *furor*. He was supported by the Socialist-Communist journal, "Forwards," controlled by an old friend of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who dotted the "i's" and crossed the "t's" of the Cripps pronouncement by saying that Labour would "sack the King."

Such cases might be multiplied with many similar quotations. What lies behind it? Consider that the King is a strictly Constitutional ruler, and that in any case since 1707 no English Monarch has refused to give the Royal Assent to every Bill, so it is not that he personally presents any impediment to their revolutionary plans if they can gain power, but it is because the King and Royal Family stand at the head of a culture and a constitution they wish ardently to overthrow. They desire to abolish the House of Lords, to over-ride the Law Courts, and to corrupt the Civil Service. All these people are toeing the line to the orders from Moscow at the sixth Congress of the Third International, namely: In England, Italy, in the Balkans, etc., the Communists must adopt as their slogan, "Down with the Monarchy."

Would the working classes as a whole support the Socialists if they knew that by so doing they were paving the way for the overthrow of King George, Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, and all that this implies?

Then there is religion. Marx laid down the principle that religion must be destroyed. Lenin described it as an opiate. Dr. Julius Hecker, one of the foremost educated Bolsheviks, in a recent work, "Religion and Communism" says that the movement declares itself against every religion and form of humanitarianism. He says Communism will have no religion but, "a spiritual culture and an integral philosophy of life." That is what he



calls it, but every intelligent visitor to Russia, who is not bribed or duped, calls it a régime of robots, where men and women are worse than slaves, where starvation dogs their footsteps, where personal freedom is utterly obliterated and everyone moves about in ever present fear of being arrested at any moment and what is termed euphemistically "liquidated," in plain English, shot like a dog. No prayers and scarcely even a funeral!

### The Harvest

The French "Terror" was a pale and emaciated shadow to the savage oppression 160 million Russians suffer after they have murdered their Royal Family, overturned their civilisation, and placed their trust in Communism. They sowed the wind and now they are reaping the whirlwind.

Religion! Those who have not read Mr. Garveth Wells' remarkable book recently published, "Kapoot," would do well to order it because it is the most outspoken and yet entertaining work of a discerning American traveller. He escaped from the personally conducted bear-led tourist trip and travelled through Russia to the Caucasus, suffering severe privations, and in one chapter, entitled "Kicking God out of Russia" he describes the "spiritual culture." He visited the Cathedral at Leningrad, now called "The Anti-Religious Museum." The sights made it a Chamber of Horrors, including the decayed remains of a female saint, disinterred to show that she was like everybody else. And this:

"The great feature of the exhibition of 'sacred' pictures was a life sized cartoon of Jesus. He was dressed in a frock-coat, top hat, striped trousers, shiny shoes, yellow walking stick with a pair of yellow gloves, and an American flag in his right hand. In his left hand was a Union Jack. Jesus had a disgusted look upon his face and from his attitude it was evident that he had just received a violent kick from behind. Emerging from Jesus' mouth were these words: 'I have been exposed. I promised the people Paradise after death, but Lenin has promised them Paradise on Earth!'"

Another represented God playing football in shorts, as goalkeeper, and Lenin had kicked a goal, in which the football had caught God square in the

stomach carrying him through the goal with it. There is a huge cartoon of the Last Supper, where Our Lord is shown with his disciples holding a drunken orgy, and swinging a bottle of whiskey.

This is the sort of vile blasphemy, mixed with crude obscenities that is described as "spiritual culture"! What have those of our clergy who are lending their influence to a stupid sentimental support of this atrocious insanity got to say about it? The truth about this and other matters is hushed up. The soullessness in Russia to-day the deliberate destruction of the soul, and the forcing down of the nation to mere animalism and robotism, where the only watch word is *saue qui peut*, is the most dreadful thing of all.

I mention these matters because we see that the introduction of Communism is the real object of our Socialist, quasi "Labour" Party, and those who do not agree with it will go. If they can capture the country they may not assassinate or "liquidate" all who are unwanted by them at first, or at once profane our cathedrals and churches, but one thing will follow the other.

### At Their Mercy

People say, "The British won't stand for that sort of thing." I am sorry to have to say that I see no force in such an assertion. We may not want it, but once we concede power to the hands of a gang directed from Moscow what can we do? All arms and munitions would be controlled by the Communists. There is no nation in the world more docile and less inclined to riot than the British, or more amenable to the authority it elects. Not one man in ten thousand even possesses a revolver.

In many ways we would be the easiest nation to subdue, for we are in no way organised to resist the oppressor if he is placed in power, and verbal protests afterwards would not have the least effect. Therefore by all means the working classes should be made to realise the danger of Moscow which lurks as yet unseen but felt in our midst. If they sow the wind they will irrevocably reap the whirlwind.

## The Position of French Women

By EVE

**A** WELL-ATTENDED and enthusiastic meeting was held recently by the "Union Nationale" in favour of votes for women—President, la Duchesse de la Rochefoucault, whose salon, literary and political, is one of the most influential in Paris, other important hostesses being la Princesse Lucien Murat and la Marquise de Croissol, in whose houses celebrities foregather,

and one realises that conversation is *not* a lost art.

Guy de Wendel was in the chair—he is Sénateur de la Moselle—and said, "Things go badly in France. Something must be done. . . . The woman's vote is, perhaps the new element which will start the machine working properly," a surprising suggestion from a member of the Senate—ever antagonistic to female suffrage.

France has been aptly described as "a country where women govern, but cannot reign." Hitherto the Frenchwoman has been content to obtain all she desires through her influence over men. Adored in youth and maturity, revered in old age (a Frenchman's devotion to his mother is exemplary), she is confident of superiority to the male sex, and has never cared to establish equality.

Since the War conditions have altered—women outnumber men, consequently, many must fend for themselves, going out into the world to earn a living and discover fresh fields for energies formerly centred in the marital foyer. Some become Professors of Law, Science, Medicine or Letters; engineers, chemists; others run newspapers or business houses; a few are engaged at the Paris Observatoire as astronomers. Feminism grows apace, demanding recognition and reforms, such as revision of the Marriage Laws.

#### An Enthroned Slave

These remain mediæval—"La femme mariée est une esclave qu'il faut savoir mettre sur un trône," wrote Balzac. Legally, her position is one of servitude. She cannot buy, sell, inherit or contract, open a banking account, or obtain a passport, without her husband's permission. Unless otherwise specified in the marriage contract, her fortune becomes his. He may open and suppress her correspondence. Article 324 of the Penal Code decrees that "a husband who kills an unfaithful wife or her lover is excusable."

Widowed, she only partially regains freedom. A conseil de famille being usually appointed to

control her actions: if she re-marries without its consent she forfeits custody of her children.

Yet, strange to say, nearly four hundred years ago, France produced the first advocate of women's rights, in the person of Marie de Gournay, daughter of the King's Treasurer, the Sieur de Gournay. Small, frail, her extraordinary intelligence attracted attention at Court. She pleased Henri IV, interested Richelieu; she read Montaigne and became his devoted friend, proud to be called his adopted daughter. She corresponded with the erudite historian, Juste Lipse, in Latin, exchanged ideas and verses with the poet, Marquis Racan, and published an amazing work, in which she denied the superiority of man, except in physical strength, "a base thing which beasts possess in a greater degree than men. Are they the superiors of human beings?" she wrote.

#### The Fate of the Pioneer

Surrounded by her cats, Marie de Gournay lived to a ripe old age, her learning and intellect excited admiration; yet her great ideas were ignored and ridiculed. She shared the fate of many pioneers.

Later, Madame de Maintenon voiced the popular feminine creed: "Owing to the weakness of our minds and bodies we must be dependent on men," and Napoleon declared: "Countries are lost when women govern"—an opinion not justified by history.

The present century has seen a change of thought regarding woman. Twenty-eight countries have given her the vote. Will France be the twenty-ninth, or, clinging to obsolete traditions, retard the march of events and its inevitable outcome?

## We Fight Chinese Pirates

### An Eye-Witness Account of a Naval Encounter

By James Clifford

THE Chinese pirates lead a happy life, since the Chinese Government is usually far too busy with other affairs to worry about them, and the British Navy is not able to organise punitive expeditions because of international complications. There was one memorable occasion, however, when the Navy intervened and by sheer luck, I was able to watch the action from close quarters.

The news of the piratical attack on the British steamer, *Haiching*, came to Hongkong very suddenly. A wireless message from the beleaguered steamer was received by the Commodore of the Royal Naval establishment, and immediately the British destroyer *Sterling* made ready to leave the port. This message was relayed to the Hong Kong Police, and it was through an officer of the force that I received the news.

I was in bed—it was eight thirty on a Sunday morning—when my boy told me that one of the British officers at police headquarters wished to speak to me. Over the wire he told me of the piracy, and added that if I hurried I could get aboard the *Sterling* before she sailed.

With a pair of flannel trousers and a sports coat over my pyjamas, I jumped aboard a motor launch and ordered the boy to take me to the *Sterling*. A harassed young officer of the watch accepted my Press police pass, mistaking it for a police officer's warrant card, and within a few minutes we were under way.

It is incidental to this story that the Captain—Superintendent of the Hong Kong Police, who was aboard, recognised me, and promptly placed me under arrest for false pretences! I was

accommodated at the stern of the racing vessel under the escort of a big bluejacket, fully equipped with a heavy service revolver. However, that did not worry me very much, as I had an excellent view from my prison of the events that swiftly followed.

The *Haiching* had been attacked by internal pirates just outside the Chinese port of Wuchow, on the West River, while on her way to Hong Kong; her officers managed to reach the bridge, and from that vantage point fought so gallantly that they were able to keep the attackers at bay until the arrival of the *Sterling*. The wireless message that summoned the warship was sent out by the Chinese operator whose quarters were situated below decks, and had been overlooked by the pirates.

We were speeding through the sea at 28 knots to the rescue of our countrymen aboard the steamer. According to the wireless message received the *Haiching* was near Bias Bay, that notorious pirate stronghold, which the combined efforts of the navies of all nations have never exterminated. The bay was only 60 miles from Hong Kong, and in a few hours we would reach it.

Naval men in full war equipment—steel helmets, web cartridge-pouches, and rifles with fixed bayonets seemed to appear from nowhere as we sped along. Every plate in the destroyer was shaking with the speed that we made, and I had an uncomfortable feeling that at any moment the boilers might explode under the tremendous pressure. My guard, however, assured me that we were not exceeding the maximum speed of destroyers of the *Sterling* class.

Within a matter of minutes—or so it seemed to me—we had our first sight of the *Haiching*. She was blazing from stem to stern, and dense volumes of smoke almost obscured the vessel from our view. A friendly naval officer, who took my "arrest" as a huge joke, had lent me his field glasses, and through these I made out the figures of a score of men moving in the water about the burning ship.

#### Sauve Qui Peut

From the not far distant shore, dozens of Chinese junks were moving. I immediately saw that they were there for only one purpose—to pick up the pirates as they jumped overboard from the *Haiching*. Through the powerful glasses I saw their crews actually hauling the dripping Chinamen from the water, and so, apparently, did the *Sterling's* officers.

The heavy boom of a gun shook the destroyer. Far away a huge splash of water showed that the shell had fallen near the myriad junks. We were firing on the pirates. Our next shot brought better luck, and where once had been a big junk carrying a crew of, perhaps, twenty men, was nothing but a mass of wreckage.

Again and again, the quick-firer in the bow of the *Sterling* barked. Almost every time we scored a hit, to the accompaniment of bursts of wild cheering from the bluejackets lined up on

our decks ready to man the boats as soon as we were close enough to the *Haiching*. Altogether we accounted for eight junks, and the loss of life among the pirates must have been considerable.

We came so close to the *Haiching*, that we heard the voice of the gallant Captain O. H. Farrar—who was awarded the O.B.E. for his gallantry in defending his ship against almost superhuman odds. When we arrived, the commander was the only white man left aboard. He had sent all his other officers away, when it seemed that nothing could prevent his command from being burned to the water's edge. Included amongst the officers was Charles Woodward—second officer of the *Haiching*—who was fatally wounded during the attack. He was dead when his comrades reverently bore him aboard the destroyer.

#### A Second Captain Kettle

Standing alone on the boat deck of his ship Captain Farrar presented a sight that would stir the heart of every Englishman. Clad in pyjamas—for he had been called to the bridge while still in his bunk—and with a revolver in his right hand, he looked like the model for the cover of an adventure novel. But this was real. Against over 200 pirates, Captain Farrar and three officers had held the ship until we had arrived.

It took only seconds for the keen sailors aboard the *Sterling* to get a launch and three lifeboats, laden with bluejackets under way. I saw them climb aboard the burning ship by means of ropes which Captain Farrar himself lowered over the side.

Working like slaves, the sailors soon had the fire under control, and I witnessed preparations aboard our ship for towing the *Haiching* back to port. Then my guard read a signal from the bridge of the pirated vessel. Captain Farrar had decided to bring his ship to Hong Kong—under her own steam.

Just before dusk, the steamer, escorted by the *Sterling*, reached Hong Kong Harbour. Gazing at her as she slowly made her way beside us, I thought that she looked like a relic from the Battle of Jutland. Her upper decks were quite burned away, as was the bridge which those gallant Englishmen had so worthily defended. At the stern stood her commander, working the hand steering gear, and living up to his word that he would bring his command back to harbour.

Close to me, shrouded in the Union Jack, lay the body of poor Woodward, while our decks were packed with Chinese passengers picked up after the rescue. Of these six turned out after examination by Detective Superintendent Charles Murphy of the Hong Kong Police, to be pirates, and were subsequently convicted in the British court.

It necessitated the personal intervention of the Governor of Hong Kong before I was released from the *Sterling*, but at midnight I left by launch for the shore, after witnessing an actual battle between pirates and the Royal Navy.



# WHAT NEXT?

By HAMADRYAD *(An imaginative but authentic reconstruction of the Cabinet discussion on France's final reply to the British Disarmament proposals.)*

"It's plain at a glance,"  
Says Ramsay, "that France,  
When asked to disarm, isn't taking a chance,  
For every dispatch  
They send has a catch  
In it somewhere; they're leading poor Britain a dance.  
" 'Although,' they observe, 'we don't question the purity  
Of German intentions what we want's security.  
The inspection of arms  
Might diminish our qualms,  
If against an attack we have Britain as surety.' "  
"Inspection," says Simon?  
"Why that's a thing I'm on,  
But defensive alliance,  
Why, that's an appliance  
To which the B.P.  
Will never agree  
And that is a thing you can bet your last dime on.  
"Though the Pact of Locarno we're none of us smitten on,  
We'll honour each paper our signature's written on,  
But the terms of the Pact  
Only force us to act  
If we want to, and that's what these Frenchies have bitten on."  
"It's patent," says Eden,  
"That Peace is recedin';  
Shall I pack my portmanteau for Norway or Sweden?  
One or other, it may be,  
Might pick up the baby,  
And that, though I say it, 's the worst thing we're needin'."  
"Now Tony," says Simon, "just keep your suspenders on;  
There must be a way out. I'll ask Arthur Henderson.  
Maybe Geneva  
If pressed, can conceive a  
New stunt that will do to feed Peace's defenders on."  
"Now lookit," says Stan,  
"We are where we began.  
We must make a fresh start; we must have a new plan,  
Abandon our sure hope  
Of doctoring Europe,  
And start in on Persia, Kabul or Japan."  
"Notes," murmurs Ramsay, "we must go on sending,  
Or give up Disarmament. That'll mean spending  
Large sums on the Air  
That are wanted elsewhere,  
E.g., for the voters on whom we're depending."  
"Now Simon," says Tony,  
"This talk's the boloney,  
France means to have arms and will spend till she's stony,  
And as long as that Goering  
Keeps ranting and roering  
Her nerves will be those of a cat or a coney."  
"Agreed, then," says Ramsay, "there's no hope to worm any  
Arms limitations from France or from Germany,  
We'll send them to-day  
A fresh Note, and we'll say  
That . . ." *(Editor: I say, you know, what about the Official Secrets Act?*  
*Author: Perhaps you're right . . .)*

# The P.M. in the Pillory

By Dorothy Crisp

"OUR paper was started as the result of the discovery of an old printing house just off the Square at Wipers," wrote the Editor of the *Wipers Times*.

"Some printing house and some square. There were parts of the building remaining, the rest was on top of the press. One of our sergeants, by nature an optimist and in previous existence a printer, said he could make the press print. The editorial den was a casement under the old ramparts. Have you ever sat in a trench in the middle of a battle and corrected proofs?"

Among the proofs thus corrected, to form the proudest publication of the British Race, was the most contemptuous skit on the present Prime Minister of Great Britain that has ever been written.

On August 15, 1917, the paper, then known as "The B.E.F. Times," contained a page of forceful contrast. The first column read:

## "Flamsey MacDonald in the Chair"

"Last night Flamsey MacDonald addressed a large and sympathetic audience at the Town Hall, Dickebusch. Powerful support was given by Messrs. Gricor Vayson, A. Tenderson and a host of other hard (working) labourites. Mr. MacDonald commenced by saying that the war should be stopped. If only they sent him to Christiania he would see to it. (A heckler here suggested that sending him to hell might help matters).

He said that he had the interests of the working man at heart. (Loud and unanimous cheers from Gricor Vayson.) When asked, "Who the devil asked you to look after the working man, why not get on with a job yourself?" Mr. Flamsey only looked pained and surprised at the ingratitude of the working man who grudged him his self-appointed task of doing nothing for four hundred pounds a year.

Mr. Gricor Vayson was just getting well away, when a whizz-bang fell within a couple of miles. As all present had every desire to avoid any harm happening to these modest delegates, a rush was made to the platform to safeguard them from danger. They, however, had already left. . . ."

The opposite column of "The B.E.F. Times" contained a simple, black-edged square:—

## "In Memory of"

Lt.-Col. E. R. Mobbs, D.S.O.,  
Lt.-Col. H. W. Compton,  
Lt.-Col. H.V.M. de la Fontaine,  
and those others who have  
left us lately."

The contrast between the front line trenches and the future front benches. . . . Better than dignity, and worse than impudence.

The English middle classes, to their disgrace, have forgotten these things. A certain establishment in Park-lane has fêted this object of the soldiers' derision. Newspapers have vied to proclaim his "courage" in deserting the Socialist Party for the National Government. Let us give the devil his due, and examine this courage.

From the time of its inception, the Socialist Party and its each and every leader, including the present Prime Minister, insisted that the first essential to their programme was the destruction of the capitalist state. When that ruin was well nigh accomplished, Mr. MacDonald refused to see it through. He jumped for the other side. Courage?

## Was He Honest?

Ah, but, we are told, he saw the error of his ways, and had the courage to change. Good! Then has he gone, as a courageous and honest man must, to his former adherents, and explained, fully and beyond shadow of a doubt, that until three years ago he led and taught them wrongly, that his past is a past of error which he passionately regrets, and that above all things they must eschew those he formerly taught?

Pish! The Ramsay MacDonald of to-day is the Flamsey MacDonald of the *Wipers Times*.

## Rendez-vous

I had thought she would come to me through the  
straight-stemmed pines

In the old cathedral stillness of tall trees;  
Like some slow priestess of the wood-god's shrines  
Come hushed and grave: so I should take her hand  
And draw her to me. Or in some vital land  
Where Spring like wine was bubbling in the  
breeze

She'd dance to me with laughing feet, and sing,  
And smile to me and call; and following  
I too should laugh and run.

You came not thus. But where the city lamps  
spilled yellow light

And the dark-gashed streets lay open across the  
night;

With your hair like a wavering flame in the wind  
you came,

And your dress a scarlet flame, and yourself a  
flame:

And we watched brown Thames and heard her  
gurgling tide

And climbed on the river wall. On the other side  
From out her unseen great steel cave a gathering  
train

Pulled outward for Penzance.

JOHN JARMAN.

# Socialism Gone Mad

By Colonel Sir Thomas A. Polson

**I**T only remains to congratulate the Socialists in the "National" Government on the wonderful successes of Socialism under its regime. For the first time, the London County Council is dominated by Socialists, and the whole of English history cannot show the like to the Socialist vagaries up and down the country.

In Leeds, for instance, the Socialists in control have decided that all the tenants of the Corporation housing estates shall pay, not an economic rent which would meet the cost of building and maintenance chargeable upon the ratepayers, but a rent in accordance with their incomes. Thus, a family with a small income is to pay practically nothing and the deficit is to be made up by the people next door. A strict inquiry into the incomes of all tenants has already been instituted.

## Inquisition

The people who defeated Spain and her Inquisition are now submitting to a modern English equivalent. The reports in the *Yorkshire Evening Post* read like the products of Bedlam. Mr. Jenkinson (the Socialist Leader) we are told, said, "It is an actual fact that you cannot trust people to tell you their incomes honestly. Where we suspect there is a wrong statement, we shall take steps to verify it." Mr. Jenkinson said they had found one man who gave his wife £2, out of which she had to pay the rent and maintain the family. There were two children. The man's income was found to be £3 1s. 6d., and they wrote to the woman saying that she ought to know what her husband's income really was.

These Yorkshire Socialists have a large idea of poverty, and an even greater faith in their own omniscience. In one case, a man with a wife and one child, acknowledging a weekly income of six pounds, is to pay two and ninepence per week less than the full economic rent, and the committee of five people set up to investigate all the municipal tenants' incomes is dealing with cases, and boasting minute inquiries, at the rate of *five hundred a day*. Megalomaniac and socialist, are apparently synonymous.

What will be the financial end of this once prosperous city, now possessed of a debt of twenty six millions and threatened with twelve millions more, defies the imagination.

Glasgow provides another example of the success of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's lifework. A reader of the *Glasgow Herald*, writing to the *Yorkshire Evening Post* in February, remarked, "The tentative proposals made in Leeds with reference to putting rate-aided furniture into houses built under the 1930 Act, shows a spirit of civic generosity which warms one's blood—make's it boil, in fact. The arrival of the municipal mangle and the subsidised sideboard marks a red letter day in civic development.

"And now let us take note of what is happening in Glasgow with regard to garages attached to municipal houses. Glasgow is divided into two camps as to what should be the appropriate size of such a garage. Some people may hold that a tenant who can afford a motor car (even a baby one) can afford to pay an economic rent, but no doubt such a reactionary idea will be severely condemned."

Alderman Smith of Bradford has expressed grave fears that the Leeds schemes "will have disadvantageous repercussions all over the country," but the local Members of Parliament, Mr. Vyvyan Adams and his "colleagues," are, apparently unperturbed. Half the country has no idea of the comprehensiveness of the Socialist victory in England, and it is not the intention of the supporters of the Government to disturb this blissful ignorance. It may be impossible to fling away India and disrupt the Empire without some public comment, but the ruin of England, town by town and city by city, is being steadily achieved without remark, either from Westminster or from Fleet street.

Everywhere, up and down the country, local authorities are plunging, unrestrained, into financial morasses from which even the unlikely advent of genius could not rescue them, and socialistic arrogance has reached the pitch of prosecuting detailed enquiries into individual lives. And this under a Government elected by Conservatives to save England from disaster!

## The Voters' Choice

It is futile to blame the voters whose apathy has permitted socialist victories at municipal elections, for, with their native commonsense, the English people long ago realised that their only choice since the war has been between Socialism and Socialism-slowed-down. Why vote at all?

The one remaining possibility of salvation lies in the wide publication of the facts of Socialism's stranglehold, and the quick formation of a sound real Conservative group as the nucleus for a national rally; a group which will recognise neither of those arch-friends of Mr. Jenkinson—the Right Honourable Gentlemen, Baldwin and MacDonald.

## BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES

100 incurable middle-class patients and 300 pensioners are entirely dependent on us for their livelihood. This good work annually costs £25,000 and we rely on voluntary contributions. May we count on you for help? Donations to the British Home and Hospital for Incurables at Streatham gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, 73, Cheapside, E.C.2.



# Lawrence—the Soldier

By Clive Rattigan

**T**HE ordinary individual, whose knowledge of T. E. Lawrence is confined to romantic, if vague, appreciation of his exploits in Arabia and to newspaper references to the unaccountable Aircraftsman Shaw, is inclined perhaps to regard him as an eccentric, abnormally brilliant amateur soldier who picked up his art of war as he went along by sheer intuition.

In actual fact Lawrence when he arrived in the Hejaz as British adviser to the Arab rebels was, by his intensive study of military treatises and campaigns, probably far better equipped as regards the vital principles of military science than most regular soldiers.

Moreover, his archæological investigations just previous to the outbreak of war had brought him into close contact with the Arab populations in Mesopotamia, Syria, Southern Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula, had made him familiar with the terrain and the idiosyncracies of Arab mentality, had taught him Arabic and given him a clear insight into the weakness of the Turkish system.

## The Touch of Genius

And to add to these advantages was a natural aptitude for grasping the full value and use of all the implements and weapons of modern war: Lawrence, besides being his own Intelligence Officer, was his own expert in such things as the demolition of railway lines and bridges and the employment of machine-guns and light automatics.

Captain Liddell Hart, who has just completed an ably-written biography of Lawrence ("T. E. Lawrence, in Arabia and After," Jonathan Cape, 15s.) finds in his military career many points of resemblance with Marlborough. One might also find similarities with the careers of other great military leaders—with Clive, for example. But such comparisons have little value.

It is more instructive to follow Captain Liddell Hart's masterly exposition of Lawrence's desert strategy to the moral he finally draws from it. That strategy was evolved during a bout of fever which kept Lawrence ten whole days in bed in the early stages of the Arab Revolt. He had been despatched to help Feisal's brother Abdulla in the capture of Medina,—on the earnest representations of the British Headquarters Staff in Egypt. As he lay in bed his thoughts travelled back to the old military text-books he had read while still at Oxford, lingering on the maxims of Guibert, Bourcet and Saxe. Suddenly he saw light. Medina should not be assaulted. His war was not to be a war of blood and battles. It should be a war of endless pin-pricks, of wearing the Turks down by making them constantly dissipate their strength, of inducing them to stay on "in Medina and in every other harmless place in the largest numbers," of "imposing the longest possible passive defence on the Turks by extending our own front to the maximum."

The enemy should be allowed to keep his railway line working "but only just, with the maximum of loss and discomfort to him." The Arabs, with their command of the desert "sea," would always have the initiative; they could attack when and where they liked and could disappear before the Turks could retaliate; they would be "a thing invulnerable, intangible, without front or back, drifting about like gas"—everywhere and yet nowhere.

## The World's Imp

The "impishness" which even his Arab friends noted in Lawrence's character (one of them called him "the world's Imp") might lead him to an occasional departure from his settled plan, as, for example, when he fought his little "gem" of a battle at Tafila as a parody of text-book tactics; but "mobility" in harassment was the ideal he steadily kept in view and pitched battles as a rule he studiously eschewed.

The hammer blows that were to complete Lawrence's work of detrition were, of course, to come from the British, but when the time was ripe for Allenby's triumphal advance the Arabs under Lawrence's guidance provided both the necessary element of "distraction" at Amman and the cutting of the Turks' vital rail communications round Deraa.

Captain Liddell Hart sees in Lawrence a strategist of genius who had the vision to anticipate "the guerrilla trend of civilised warfare that arises from the growing dependence of nations on industrial resources." Hence the moral he draws:

"No civilised nation can maintain itself long without the railway or maintain war without munitions. What the Arabs did yesterday the Air Forces may do to-morrow. And in the same way—yet more swiftly. Mobile land forces such as tanks and motor guerrillas may share in the process. Moreover, this new exploitation of the changed 'biological' conditions of war may be coupled with a more calculated exploitation of the psychological conditions—to which Lawrence also showed the way. To disarm is more potent than to kill."

This, surely, is no fanciful picture. The more one thinks of the matter the more certain does it seem that the war of the future will not be static like the last Great War in Europe, but a war of swift movement and continuous "distraction." What the desert was to Lawrence, the air will be to the future strategist, profiting by the lessons which Lawrence himself has taught.

And what of the man who was capable of such wide vision in an age in which the professional soldier could rarely see the forest for the trees? Is he to remain in the obscurity he has chosen for himself—when the country has need of leaders of both character and vision? The answer to that question does not rest with Aircraftsman Shaw alone.

# ALBANY TO KENYON

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ALBANY TO KENYON

# Lawrence the Soldier

The story of Lawrence the Soldier is a tale of courage and sacrifice. It begins in a small town where a young man named Lawrence is born. He grows up to become a brave soldier, fighting in many battles. He is known for his leadership and his ability to inspire his men. One day, he is captured by the enemy and taken to a prison. There, he is treated with cruelty and forced to work hard. But Lawrence does not give up. He finds a way to escape and return to his country. He is hailed as a hero and given many awards. He continues to serve his country with honor and bravery until the end of his life.



Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

# LAWRENCE OF ARABIA



Committed the unpardonable sin of caring more for his country than  
for its politicians.



## SERIAL

# The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

*Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. Last week's instalment concluded with the story of the importation into Egypt of Bolshevik emissaries who had been trained at the Moscow College for Propaganda in the East.*

ON May 8, 1928, twenty-one of these freshly imported Communists were rounded up, and a number were sent back to their native lands. Charlotte Rosenthal, however, was still left at large, and this same spring went to Moscow to get fresh instructions for the Egyptian Communist movement. Meanwhile other Jewish agents had remained in the country under a different guise. In Egypt, as in England, in Turkey and in Palestine, "Soviet Trade" provided the most convenient cover. In 1926 a pseudo-commercial agency, known as "Russo-Turk," had been started at Alexandria by one Semeniuk, a Polish Jew from America, and immediately after his arrival Soviet ships began to arrive at Egyptian ports, carrying Russian products at ridiculously low prices—an early attempt at "Russian dumping." In November 1927 Semeniuk, convicted of spreading Bolshevik propaganda, was deported, but in the same month a Soviet ship arrived at Jeddah, where a revolutionary centre had been formed by two Jews, Hakimoff and Belkin. On board were several Bolsheviks, who proceeded to set up a Russo-Turkish Mission for the sale of flour and sugar at a very low price. King Ibn Saud had no desire to harbour more Bolshevik microbes within his borders, and little pressure from the British was required to induce him to send the new arrivals back to whence they came. The Bolshevik centre at Jeddah was, however, not destroyed, and a picked man, who had been deported from Egypt for Bolshevik activities, was left in charge of the mission.

## "Criminal Conspiracy"

In spite of these repeated discoveries of Bolshevik intrigue, another Soviet agent, named Mayers, had been allowed to visit Egypt in 1927, and to set up an agency in Alexandria under the name of "Textile Imports Limited." This again was found, after two years, to be a cover for Communist propaganda, and in April 1929 two of the men employed in it—Vassiliev and Rudolf, alias Pinnis, were deported.

Communism to-day in Egypt remains, as was later stated in the Press, "a secret, dangerous, criminal conspiracy"<sup>1</sup> of which it would be difficult to estimate the extent. But for the firm action of Lord Lloyd it is probable that it would have assumed greater proportions. In a speech in 1930 he attributed the serious position of British overseas trade to "the enormous range of Com-

munist activity all over the East." It was to this, he added, that we owed "the declension and betrayal of our great strategic and commercial position in Egypt."<sup>2</sup>

During the four years that Lord Lloyd was in office the whole situation changed beyond recognition. British prestige was restored, the relations between Upper and Lower Egypt were put on a good footing, not a single British officer was assassinated, foreigners enjoyed a sense of security, and the Egyptian people were prosperous and contented.

## Their Opportunity

But the presence of an administrator so capable of appreciating the potentialities of the situation was necessarily inconvenient to all the intrigues at work in Egypt, and both to Moscow and the Wafd the removal of Lord Lloyd became the most urgent necessity. The advent of the Labour Government to office in June 1929 gave them their opportunity.

Already in the autumn of the previous year a Wafdist delegation, headed by William Makram Ebeid, had gone over to London to carry out propaganda and confer with the I.L.P. with regard to the evacuation of Egypt by the British. Heartily as the I.L.P. and indeed the Labour Party might sympathise with the aims of the Wafd, they were, however, still powerless to further their realisation.

But as soon as the news of their allies' triumph at the General Election of May 30, 1929, reached Egypt a band of agitators set forth for London, openly boasting that now the Socialists were in office they would bring about the fall of Lord Lloyd. They little knew that the way for this event had already been paved by the Conservative Government.

Advocates of the "Give Labour a Chance" theory, who were fond of declaring that a Labour Government "could do no harm" since it would be held in check by the two Constitutional parties, had always overlooked the fact that "Labour," once in office, would have access to all the confidential documents in Government Departments, as well as to the secrets of the various branches of the Intelligence Service. This opportunity for examining every card in their opponents' hand had not been wasted by the Labour Party during their brief term of office in 1924; it proved of inestimable value now that a pretext was needed

<sup>1</sup> Letter from Mr. H. Leslie Boyce, M.P., to the *Daily Telegraph*, December 27, 1929.

<sup>2</sup> Speech at the dinner of the Bradford section of the Institute of Bankers, *The Times*, February 4, 1930.



**SERIAL**

for getting rid of the principle obstacle to the Treaty they proposed to make with Egypt. Immediately after his arrival at the Foreign Office, Mr. Henderson received a communication from Lord Lloyd and, as he afterwards related, was "much struck" by what he believed to be "the spirit that underlay it." Clearly it was not the spirit of surrender. Mr. Henderson thereupon sent for the papers relating to Lord Lloyd's term of office and, on going through the correspondence that had passed between the High Commissioner and Sir Austin Chamberlain, made the pleasing discovery that what he described as a "wide divergence of views" had existed between them. These were afterwards summarised by Mr. Henderson in Parliament under the following points:

1. In 1926 Lord Lloyd had opposed Zaghlul becoming Prime Minister, whilst Sir Austin Chamberlain was for non-intervention. Lord Lloyd's view was finally accepted by the Cabinet.

2. In 1926-7, when the attempt was made to get rid of all British officials in Egypt, Lord Lloyd wished to insist on their retention, but was overruled.

3. In the case of the Army crisis of 1927 Lord Lloyd wished to put a stop to the undermining of discipline and penalisation of officers for holding views distasteful to the Wafd. The Cabinet finally decided in favour of Lord Lloyd.

4. In the matter of the Public Assemblies Bill, before referred to, Lord Lloyd had held that every possible

effort should be made by His Majesty's Government to prevent the bill of 1928, abrogating the existing regulations, from becoming law.

The Foreign Office at first disagreed, but the British Government finally concurred with Lord Lloyd's view and authorised him to send an ultimatum demanding the withdrawal of the bill and even ordered warships to proceed to Egypt. Lord Lloyd, however, persuaded Nahas Pasha to "postpone" the bill, and thus by diplomatic action avoided the necessity for force. The warships were accordingly recalled, and no further attempt has since been made to revive this dangerous measure.<sup>1</sup>

5. In the spring of 1929 Lord Lloyd had opposed new taxes on British subjects, which under the Capitulations could not be imposed without the consent of Great Britain. Lord Lloyd was overruled.

In a word, Lord Lloyd had been guilty of expressing his opinion in favour of defending British interests under the terms agreed to at the time of the Declaration of Egyptian Independence in 1922, and in three cases out of five the Cabinet had finally decided that he was right.

All this gave Mr. Henderson his chance. But amongst the Foreign Correspondence placed at his disposal the best find of all was a letter from Sir Austen Chamberlain of May 28, 1929, proposing a complete "resetting of the principles on which his Government had hitherto conducted relations with Egypt."

<sup>1</sup> On this point see *Election Notes for Speakers for 1929* issued by the Conservative Central Office, p. 848, which provides a complete justification of Lord Lloyd's attitude.

# Great Detective Feats

## III—Orrock

By Arthur Lambton

(Hon. Secretary and Co-founder of the Crimes Club)

IT was remarked at the time of this crime that it was very unusual for a police-constable to be murdered while on duty. Nearly fifty years have rolled by since then, and it is happily still a rare occurrence, although it was no fault of Charles Peace that Robinson was not added to the list. In more recent times we have had the Sidney-street affray and, of course, the murder of Police-constable Gutteridge, and I must not omit the killing of gallant Police-constable Byrnes by the Netherby Hall burglars, three years later than that of Police-constable Cole. The murder of the policeman, Cole, by Thomas Henry Orrock is vividly impressed upon my memory because it occurred at the end of my first term at Westminster, and was much discussed among the boys.

On December 1, 1882, a police-constable named Cole went on night duty at Dalston. At ten o'clock he espied a man climbing over a wall by the Baptist Chapel in Ashwin-street. The man, upon being challenged, attempted to make off, whereupon Cole closed on him and pinned him to the ground. With a desperate effort the marauder managed to get one arm free, and to draw a

revolver. He fired at first three times, but he must have been as bad a shot as Sipido, who (happily) missed King Edward at a yard range at Brussels station, for, although only about that distance off Cole, his first two shots missed him completely, but a fourth, fired later, proved fatal. It was proved afterwards that the third shot had glanced off the dead constable's truncheon case.

The struggle was seen by a girl. It was a foggy night and against hurried movement, but she ran as fast as the conditions would permit, screaming for help, after the third shot was fired. She immediately came upon two other constables in Dalston-lane, and they hastened back with her, but on their way the fourth shot rang out, and this time the unfortunate Cole was hit and killed instantaneously.

By the time the two policemen had reached their dead comrade, who lay prone on the pavement, the murderer had made off, screened by the fog.

At that time there happened to be at Scotland Yard one of the greatest detectives that ever was attached to headquarters, and that was Detective-Inspector Glasse.

The murderer had obviously been on burglarious intent, for by the dead constable were two chisels and a wooden wedge. Also were the truncheon-case with the bullet mark already alluded to, and that species of soft black hat that we associate with Methodist preachers, and what are known as "chapel-folk." The usual term for this hat, I believe, is a wideawake. There was no name in the hat and, of course, it was long before the introduction of the system of fingerprints.

There was only one clue. One of the chisels bore a scratch upon it. It was invisible to the naked eye, but Glasse, with his usual thoroughness, examined every article microscopically. As a result the word "rock" on the chisel became quite distinct. What was the meaning of "rock"? Was it the name of the owner? And here I will digress for a moment to explain a second reason why this particular crime is impressed upon my memory.

#### A Case in Point

It was not so many years later that my old friend, Conan Doyle, was introducing his great creation, Sherlock Holmes, to a delighted nation. One of the earliest stories, and perhaps the best of a marvellous series, was *A Study in Scarlet*, the tale dealing with Mormonism. The reader will remember the triumphant manner in which Lestrade (or was it Gregson?) came to Sherlock Holmes and said that the writing in blood on the wall which spelt "Rache" were the first five letters of the woman's name, "Rachel." The reader will also remember the professional detective's discomfiture when Holmes informed him pityingly that there was no letter missing in "Rache" and that it was the German for "Revenge."

In view of this digression, will it occasion much surprise, will the reader have already guessed, that this incident was suggested to Doyle by the word "rock" scratched on the chisel discovered by the dead body of Police-constable Cole?

For a whole year Glasse and his men submitted this chisel to shopkeepers, cabinet-makers, and their employés in the Dalston neighbourhood. All to no purpose. Nobody recognised it. But one fine day the patience of the police was rewarded. A man named Preston, who was by trade a sharpener of knives, scissors, chisels, etc., died. His business was carried on by his widow. In due course the police paid her a visit, though by this time they must have felt it to be of a perfunctory nature. But in this world one never knows what is in store for us. Mrs. Preston informed the police that all chisels that passed through her hands were marked by her on the blade near the handle with a file, a nail, or sharp-pointed instrument.

Asked in what way she marked the tools, she answered, "With the owners' names." The police then showed her the word "rock." Did she know anybody of that name? Was that by any chance her mark? Yes, it was her mark, but "rock" stood for "Orrock." He was a young cabinet-maker who was a customer of hers, but she had not seen him for a long time.

The name "Orrock" is an uncommon one, and therefore the owner should prove easier to trace than the bearer of a better-known patronymic, and a thorough search resulted, oddly enough, in the discovery of Orrock in Coldbath Fields Prison.

Orrock was put up for identification, just as Hannah Dobbs had in 1879 been submitted to that ordeal before the pawnbroker's assistant, and the result was that in his case the old Persian proverb, "The thief is safest under the castle wall," did not prove true, for it so happened that while they were patrolling Dalston-lane on the night of December 1, 1882, two policemen noticed a man wearing a peculiar-shaped hat—a wideawake. This was about 9.30 p.m., that is to say about half an hour before the crime. One of these two officers failed to recognise Orrock at the identification parade, but the other was positive that it was the man that they had seen.

The police then, by further investigation, discovered that Orrock was acquainted with two men known to them, and that on the night of the murder all three had been together. One of these men—by name Evans—under pressure admitted that Orrock had told them that he was going to commit a burglary that evening, as he was desperately pushed, and out of work. He had been a chapel-goer, and knew the value of the plate used for Holy Communion at the Baptist Chapel in Ashwin-street. With his wideawake hat he looked the part, and no one would possibly take him for a burglar. Unfortunately for him (and, as it proved, for himself), Police-constable Cole did.

#### Orrock Was Hanged

Evans then declared that he and the other man (by name Miles) heard the four shots fired, and when the girl returned with the two constables they mingled with the crowd who, as is always the case in these circumstances, quickly assembled.

The trial lasted two days, and Orrock was found guilty and hanged. Poor Cole had only just been married when he was assassinated, in fact, had barely celebrated his honeymoon, and much sympathy was expressed on all sides for his young widow, who was devoted to him. In the Court a most painful scene occurred, for directly Mrs. Cole caught sight of Orrock in the Court she gave way to a paroxysm of grief, crying out, "The brute! The brute!" Of course the judge had no option but to ask "the lady to endeavour to control herself," though probably in his inmost heart he could fully appreciate her state of mind. I do not think it can have been very pleasant for James Henry Orrock. In his place I think I should have wished the trial over as soon as possible, even if it entailed the assumption of the black cap.

There is always something especially nauseating in the committal of crime under the cloak of religion. In this case we have a regular chapel-goer who is not only caught in a most revolting act of sacrilege, but when caught does not hesitate to break the sixth Commandment under particularly cowardly circumstances. Ugh!

# The Windscreen Wiper Tragedy

By Maynard Greville

**W**E are a little inclined at the present time to look back with satisfaction at what we call our progress. We sit back complacently at frequent intervals and think what wonderful fellows we are. This sort of cavalcade attitude is very common in the motor trade, and there is nowhere where it is less deserved. The motor trade has little or nothing to be proud of. Its progress has been a series of obvious and glaring mistakes and any success which it may have had has been achieved against its own enormous mass of inertia.

Most of the great steps forward in the motor industry have been achieved in spite of itself. In the industry we hear on every hand how the development of the car is being held up by repressive legislation, while really most of the fault lies with the trade itself.

## No Reliability

We have only to look at a little thing like a windscreen wiper to reach the proper stage of humility. For years now we have been making these useful little devices, but we have not yet made them work with any degree of reliability.

In the recent Royal Automobile Club rally to Bournemouth the number of windscreen wiper failures was appalling. I am told that out of the four hundred cars it was in the nature of 80 per cent. and that a windscreen wiper part could not be obtained for love or money in Bournemouth.

Now the year before in the rally to Hastings in which I actually took part exactly the same thing happened. In our own car the windscreen wiper drive failed twice and had to be replaced while every other car in the team had the same trouble.

If in this year of grace it is not possible for the motor industry to make a windscreen wiper which will stand up to some forty hours work they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Among the cars I have out during the course of the year for test purposes, in at least half of them the windscreen wiper is defective either before I start or directly I ask it to do any work. Only the other day I spent the greater part of a drive as passenger down to the south coast putting my hand through the side window of a new demonstration car and pulling one of the twin wiper blades back on to the glass. Directly a gust of wind came up went the driven blade and started wiping the air above the car roof, a position in which it was neither ornamental nor useful.

Now I do not believe that it is beyond the mental capacity of at least some of our designers to produce a wiper that will work and continue to work, but rather that it is the continual business of paring down the cost of production which makes for this unreliability. As soon as a good type of wiper

is put on the market the experts get busy and try and cut the price of manufacture down by a few pence, with the result that it becomes a useless thing once more.

This mania for cutting down on small details is vastly overdone. There is a theory that no motorist will give another penny for a better article, but I am quite certain this is not the case. The average motorist would not mind giving shillings more for an article which he knew would not let him down and would really work satisfactorily. Some of the remarks I have heard recently about the manufacturers and suppliers of windscreen wipers would seriously perturb those gentlemen if they could hear them.

One of the most frequent faults with a wiper is the impossibility of getting the right tension of the wiping blade on the glass. It will either rub too hard and make a noise or refuse to move, or else it will leave dangerous and annoying opaque patches.

A blade and arm which successfully gets over this difficulty and which I should like to see fitted to all cars, has recently been put on the market by Romac Motoring Accessories, Ltd., of the Hyde, Hendon. I have had an opportunity of trying one of these arms and blades for some time and found that in conjunction they work excellently. The blade itself is of five strip rubber and gives a perfectly clean wipe if the tension of the arm is adjusted properly. In this device this is made possible by the simple adjustment of a tension screw, so that the amount of pressure with which the arm presses against the glass can be varied almost indefinitely. This represents a real step forward in windscreen wiper design.

## Mud-Slingers

Another point for which the actual car manufacturer must accept the greater part of the blame is the inefficient back mudguarding of many cars. Great pains have been taken to keep the car clear of mud from its own wheels, but the back wheels of most cars now sling mud straight behind them for a distance of as much as 30 yards. The result is that when several cars are moving in line the rearmost get covered with dirt from the cars in front.

At the present moment many back mudguards do not come near enough to the ground at the rear and this is a point that might well receive the attention of the makers. In addition to spoiling the appearance of other cars this mudsplashing also adds to the danger of the roads, as it covers the windscreen of the following cars with dirt which the wiper working under almost dry conditions cannot remove and so obscures the view of the driver.



## Notes from a Musical Diary

By Herbert Hughes

**N**OTHING seems more certain than this, that fine, intimate music must lose its essential characteristics when performed in a vast hall. The excuse for the grandiose performance of *The Dream of Gerontius* on Saturday last was, of course, the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, of which Elgar was president, and the fact that the Fund was founded in memory of Gervase Elwes, the ideal Gerontius. A smaller building than the Albert Hall would have meant smaller receipts; a performance in the Albert Hall implied the thousand voices of the Royal Choral Society; and for so important an occasion those thousand voices seemed to require a double orchestra; and what better combination than those of the B.B.C. and the London Philharmonic?

### Solecisms

It was an occasion—this Elgar Memorial Concert—when criticism, perhaps, should be withheld. Yet the interpretation of a work of art carries its obligations; and the earnest and serious desire of those responsible for this concert to make it "impressive"—for it was at once a tribute and an appeal—only led them into solecisms that might easily have been avoided without the loss of a penny to the Fund.

Dr. Adrian Boult is a much over-worked man; he had a grossly swollen orchestra to rehearse in some of the subtlest music ever written; and naturally much of that music was simply submerged in the playing. One is safe in assuming that the time available for rehearsing such a body was less than that required to read an ordinary novel. Miss Astra Desmond was the best of the soloists and sang the Angel music beautifully; the singing of the big choir was of all-round excellence; but passage after passage in the score which Elgar had troubled to mark *pianissimo* was played—dare I say?—disrespectfully.

Nine times out of ten this sort of thing happens when the occasion is by way of being "impressive" and the conglomerate musicians are under-rehearsed. Furtwängler, the world's *pianissimo* champion, would have got his effects with an orchestra treble the size. But that's another story, and he lives in Berlin, anyway.

### Fine Piano Playing

One of the happiest experiences of the last week or so was the Delius Piano Concerto, played by the L.P.O. under Beecham, with Katherine Goodson as soloist. The association here was so right that it was perfect, and for once in a way a mere English pianist received an ovation from one of the most fastidious audiences in London.

The new ballet to be noted is *The Haunted Ballroom*, by Geoffrey Toye, due at Sadler's Wells on Tuesday next. It is, I am told, a macabre affair, Ninette de Valois being responsible for the choreography. If this should be as good as the same composer's jolly *Douanes*, the repertory of the Vic-Wells Ballet will be so much the richer.

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## The Finer Shades of Poetry

[REVIEWED BY ASHLEY SAMPSON]

**A**MONG the new poets there are a few, of whom, I think, Mr. W. J. Turner is the most distinguished, whose work gains beauty and power from the author's ability to use light and shade in the weaving of his words. The art is not, of course, new. Shelley, Milton, Blake and even Homer knew how to employ it; but in Mr. Turner it has become a habit of mind—an almost unconscious grace which his experience as a musical critic has no doubt done much to purify.

In "Jack and Jill" (Dent, 2s. 6d.) he rings these changes to a philosophical theme—Jack and Jill as male and female as God created them. The hill which they mount is the evolutionary process through which Man has evolved—the vegetable, the reptile and the mammal growths reaching their climax in full-fledged Man and Woman at the summit. Then comes the crash—the theological Fall into lust, cruelty and ambition. In speaking of Jack's first desire for Jill we have a glimpse of Mr. W. J. Turner's colour scheme of words in its most dramatic form.

"Tortured he would desire her black as night  
Assyrian-curved and with blood-bannered lip;  
On her hard will dashing his diamond light  
To sink the flag of her high-breasted ship;  
Or like a dark rock on the desert sand  
Obliterate her small and solid shape  
With blasting sunlight. Ah! but she can withstand  
All that he does, it is for him to weep."

### Dreary Flatness

This stands in the true tradition of lyrical poetry and it was rather a disappointment to turn from it to the diffuse platitudes of Mr. Nathaniel A. Benson's tale in verse, "Dollard" (Nelson, 6s.). There are patches in it here and there which possess a certain charm; but it is the rather negative charm of limpid water—a shady oasis in a large desert. The whole work is too photographic and exists upon a flat scheme.

When Mr. Benson has mastered the art of undulation in poetry—can give us hills and mountains in his poetic landscape, he should give us something good. For there can be no doubt that, colourless and unliving as most of this long poem is, we have peeps here and there which disclose some reserves of strength.

## The First Modern Dictator

**A**BIOGRAPHY that reads like a romance." It is not often that a reviewer can quite accept such a statement about a book, especially if the statement appears on the publishers' "jacket," but it is really justified in "Godoy," by Hans Roger Madol (Hurst & Blackett, 18s.), whose preceding book on Ferdinand of Bulgaria was recently noticed in the *Saturday Review*.

Of the life and work of the author himself we learn something from an Introduction to the present volume contributed by Henry Baerlein.

Interested in old and rare books, Madol has found in them and in researches made in connection with them in various European chancelleries the material for his biographies. Thus his life of Godoy is based largely on documents in the French, Spanish and German diplomatic archives.

Once a great figure in the high politics of Western Europe, Godoy is scarcely even a name to the world to-day. Born in 1767, the son of an obscure Spanish noble, without means of family influence, he became, at the age of 25, Dictator of Spain, thanks to the favour of the King, Carlos IV, who cared for nothing but hunting, and of the Queen, Marie Luisa of Parma, whose lover he was.

Godoy's rise to power is an amazing story, and his subsequent career, almost up to his downfall, is at least equally remarkable. It was unfortunate for him that he came up against Napoleon, an infinitely greater man than himself, and this led in the end to his ruin. English readers will be particularly interested, however, in those parts of the book which describe his conflicts with the British, conflicts which included some of our most splendid naval victories.

R.M.

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## New Novels

In her latest book, "Men Are Unwise" (Jarrold, 7s. 6d.), Ethel Manning gives us a poignant study of psychological conflicts arising out of a young man's passion for mountaineering and his wife's opposition thereto.

A new novel by Peter Traill is always something of an event in the publishing season, and "The Angel" (Grayson & Grayson, 7s. 6d.) is bound considerably to increase this novelist's already great popularity. As usual, it is an excellent story, well written, vivid and amusing. The main theme of the story is concerned with the fortunes of a theatrical production, but behind this there is a delightful love story of the kind that only Mr. Traill can write. "The Angel" is one of the safest books one knows to recommend to every type of reader. It cannot fail to please.

In "Broken Music" (Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.) Miss Mactaggert deals with the problem of mixed nationalities. She has taken the case of an English woman married to a German, and studies the clash of patriotic loyalties not only during the war period but also in the children of the marriage. As a psychological novel, "Broken Music" is something of an achievement. It deserves to be read, not only for its competent handling of a difficult theme, but also for the clever story which Miss Mactaggert has to tell.

### A New Wodehouse

More idiotic, but remarkably funny experiences are told of Bertie Wooster and Jeeves in P. G. Wodehouse's latest book "Thank You, Jeeves" (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.). This is the first long complete story in which the incomparable Jeeves has played the leading rôle. This book contains three hundred pages and three hundred laughs.

Those who have appreciated Myron Brinig's graphic novels of Jewish life will be disappointed in "Out of Life" (Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. 6d.). It revolves round a day in the life of a third-rate shopkeeper whose wife has just broken the news that she is going to have a child. Such is the magical effect of her announcement that the shopkeeper is instantly transformed from a miserable nonentity to a mystic, a philosopher on life, and an adventurer. It is all very unreal, but occasionally the author gives glimpses of the exquisite artistry that was to be found in his books "Singermann" and "Sons of Singermann."

Seton Peacey has essayed an ambitious task and, like his strong-minded centenarian heroine, shows no sign of quailing under difficulties. In tracing the story of this heroine ("The Chronicles of Caroline Quellen," Grayson, 8s. 6d.) for a hundred years from the Napoleonic era down to the Boer War, he manages to recapture for us in wonderful manner the atmosphere in successive periods of English social and business life.

A murder confession while the murderer is under the influence of an anæsthetic is but one of the many dramatic incidents in D. M. Locke's absorbingly interesting story, "Winds of Winter" (Grayson, 7s. 6d.), which reveals, among other things, an extensive knowledge of various phases of London life.

Messrs. Richard Clay & Sons have brought out a 3s. 6d. edition of that brilliantly witty satire on English political life, "Public Faces," by Harold Nicholson. Its success may be judged by the fact that this cheap edition is the sixth that has been issued.

A reverently written book intended for devotional reading, is "Jesus, as the Women knew Him" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 6s.). Taking as his text that

passage in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" where reference is made to the many services rendered by women to Christ, the author, Mr. H. G. Tunncliffe, imagines for his readers the kind of story that each of several women who came in contact or might have come in contact with Christ would have to tell about Him.

An "open road" story of real distinction comes from America. It is "The Road to Wildcat," by Eleanor Risley (Constable, 7s. 6d.), and deals with the adventures of the author, her husband and their dog while touring the mountains of South America with their worldly goods pushed before them in a Chinese wheelbarrow. They meet with moonshiners, revivalists, strange folk of the mountains and dangerous folk of the mill country. Vivid description reveals a new and fascinating America.

With the ever-increasing number of small motor yachts round our coasts, the appearance of "Motor Yachting," by Lt.-Commander A. M. Kinnersley (Saul, Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.), is timely. It is full of information and sound common sense; and, while invaluable to the beginner, it will still provide the experienced yachtsman with plenty of useful hints.

The present vogue, in literature and on the stage, for the Tudor period in English history makes timely the appearance of a revised edition of Miss M. St. Clare Byrne's "Elizabethan Life in Town and Country" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). Every page in this delightfully-written book bears witness to the author's intimate acquaintance with the literature and documentary records of the Elizabethan age, and under her magical guidance the centuries roll back to leave to us an authentic vision of town and country and the social and domestic life of those spacious days.

It seems a far cry from Thackeray's home-land to Valdosta, Georgia, U.S.A., yet it is from this distance that has come to us a book making on what would appear to be sound argument material additions to the Thackeray bibliography. The author is Mr. Harold Gulliver, Professor of English at the Georgia State Woman's College at Valdosta, and his book is called "Thackeray's Literary Apprenticeship" (The Southern Stationery and Printing Company, \$3). Mr. Gulliver has confined his researches generally to the period 1828 to 1844, though he has gone beyond that period in bringing to light certain newspaper contributions which he gives reason for regarding as Thackeray's work. His book reveals a zeal for literary research that is as remarkable as it is commendable.

The admirers of D. H. Lawrence will welcome the new comprehensive volume which Messrs. Martin Secker have just brought out, containing as it does the whole of Lawrence's shorter fiction, from the "Prussian Officer" (1914) to the posthumously published novelette, "The Man Who Died" (1931). The title chosen is "The Tales of D. H. Lawrence," and the price is 8s. 6d.

From the same publishers comes a critical study of D. H. Lawrence by Mr. Horace Gregory under the title "Pilgrim of the Apocalypse" (8s. 6d.). In this slight book Mr. Gregory, conscious though he is of the partial failure of Lawrence's poems, expresses the belief that "poetry lies close to the root of everything he had to say and that his permanent contribution to English literature must be measured in terms of it and not by any logic which we usually associate with prose."

"A Charter for Ramblers," by C. E. M. Joad (Hutchinsons, 2s. 6d.), is intentionally provocative. It is a plea both for the ramblers' right to roam whither his fancy takes him and for the preservation of the beauty of England. The motorist, the landowner and the sportsman, who interfere with the liberty of the Rambler, and the builder, who mars the landscape, all come in for Mr. Joad's lash, the use of which incidentally detracts from the effect of much valuable criticism.



# Kenya—A Home from Home

By Basil Fuller

**T**AKE a slice out of the heart of England, dump it down on the Equator, let a jolly giant of an artist splash it with gayer colours than those that bloom beneath our rain-washed skies—and there is Kenya! Low, rambling bungalows, trim hedges, sweeping lawns, rose gardens and pergolas swathed in blossoms, bright borders and shady trees—one would swear it *was* England but for that tropical luxuriance and those exotic flowers that seem to have strayed magically from a hot-house and nestled in the beds cheek-by-jowl with impertinent dahlias and stately lupins.

And how does this miracle come about? How can tropical Africa become so like home that Englishmen forget to be home-sick? The secret lies in two words—sea level. The settled part of Kenya lies at an altitude of between five and nine thousand feet above the sea, and at that height the rays of the sun are tempered to mildness, the nights are cool and refreshing, and one can be very grateful for the warmth of a great open fire burning sweet-scented logs. Find a country where the climate is like an English summer at its best, people it with English settlers, and English homes will be the inevitable result.

## Blue Marble

And so it happens that instead of the white walls and jalousies of the Tropics, Kenya has fine, substantial buildings constructed from local materials admirably suited to the purpose. There is plenty of good stone, and a blue marble that is unique. The cedar forests are world-famous, and there are mahogany and teak to give substance and solidity. With these to draw upon, the architect can give his imagination free play, and if at times his English sobriety is tempered with an Arab or Portuguese door, or if cedar shingles crown the roof in place of tiles or thatch—well, it merely adds a touch of local colour and gives distinction and charm.

Come a little closer, and the home-like effect is positively startling. Horses graze in the park, there are splendid pedigree cattle in the paddock, and the approach to the house is punctuated by the joyous barking of the dogs. And even though the neat rows of green peas and cabbages and the laden branches of the apple trees may be side by side with peach orchard or orange grove, with fields of paw-paws, guavas, mangos and loquats, somehow there is nothing incongruous about it.

Stand on the shady verandah and look across to the distant hillside. Ripening crops fill the trim fields and, though they may prove to be the sharp-spiked sisal that gives us our rope and twine, or the coffee that sets a benediction on our evening meal, the impression is that of an English homestead. You plan a day's fishing with your host, and he proudly tells you of his trout stream and declaims once more the saga of how the trout was brought to Kenya, and the difficulties that had to

be surmounted before it was successfully acclimatised.

Let it not be thought that the life of the Kenya farmer is that of the idle country gentleman, pottering in his garden and entertaining his friends. Kenya may be a land of plenty, but hard work is necessary if success is to be won. Up at six in the morning, the farmer is out in the fields until eleven. Then lunch and office work keeps him busy till three, and off to the fields again till six. His children, too, work hard in the splendid schools that have been established throughout the colony. Modelled on the English public school tradition and adapted to the special needs of the colony, they are bringing up the younger generation of Kenyans to be better fitted even than their pioneer parents to guide the destinies of the land of their adoption.

## Ideal Conditions

Britain owes a great debt to those who are building this wonderful new country for her but, all the same, it is being built under almost ideal conditions and with practically none of the hardships associated with the life of the settler of former days. Instead of the intense loneliness and grim monotony of an eternal struggle with the land, with no neighbour nearer than a two hours' ride on horseback, the motor car and the wireless have banished the spectre of isolation.

For all that, Kenya is no place for the weakling. The country takes pride in reproducing the best of England's characteristics, and these include the grit and determination that triumph over difficulties, the capacity for hard, ungrudging toil which must be freely given by the man who loves the land and hopes to live by farming, and the thrift that willingly puts back into the land the major portion of the income it produces until years of work have brought comparative affluence.

In the short space of ten years the average value of the produce exported by each settler throughout the colony increased from £406 to £1,168—the highest average export of any country in the world!

## The Walrus

I had an uncle with a large moustache  
Whose voice was less melodious than harsh.  
He loved the sea and, while we stood to cheer,  
Would climb the dizzy heights of Brighton  
pier  
Whence he would dive with more than mortal  
grace,  
Then rise and show an unattractive face.  
And often, when my nurse had borne me  
bedward,  
I dreamed of Walruses and Uncle Edward.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

# The Triumph of an Idea

By A. E. W.

**T**HIRTY-FIVE years ago there was born in the mind of a man an idea which, received at first with indifference and scepticism, has since become world-famous—may, indeed, be said to mark an important step in human progress.

Every new idea has to fight for recognition: every fresh discovery, every invention has to contend with indifference and prejudice: and Pelmanism—the Idea in question—proved no exception to the rule.

It had to combat the popular belief that "brains" were a natural gift. It had to fight against the prejudice of old-fashioned educationists who held that schooling provided the only training which the mind needed. It had to encounter the scepticism of business men who pooh-poohed the suggestion that the mental faculties could be developed by a system of simple exercises.

It was a hard battle to fight: but fought it was, and won. The result is that to-day there is no English-speaking country on the globe where Pelmanism is not a household word—a word of the highest significance to every man and woman who has a living to earn or a purpose in life to fulfil.

The Idea, in short, has become a great and vital Fact!

This remarkable achievement is due to the untiring efforts and the organising genius of Mr. William Joseph Ennever, the founder and present director of the famous Pelman Institute.

## The Genesis of the Idea

The genesis of the idea—the ultimate fruit of which was Pelmanism—was his discovery of the very important part which *Habit* plays in the development of the mind, in the formation of character and the creation of personality. Other factors, such as early education, environment, occupation and associations, also play a part, but only so far as they tend to the formation of Habits.

Habit is, in short, the determining factor in the moulding of mind and character: and Habit supplies the key to the secret of the success of Pelmanism.

Pelmanism substitutes the conscious and ordered formation of right mental habits in place of the unconscious and chance formation of habits which may, or may not, be desirable.

In a word it replaces chance by Science.

Yet there is nothing artificial in the Pelman Course. From first to last it works in strict accordance with the natural laws which govern the working of the human mind. Therein lies its strength and its simplicity.

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## Around the World

In its early days Pelmanism gave no hint of the world-wide fame which it was destined to achieve.

It was not long, however, before the success achieved by these early Pelmanists attracted the attention of other classes, of employees, managers and members of the professions. The circle of Pelmanists grew rapidly and, concurrently with this success, the system itself expanded and became more comprehensive—devoting consideration to other faculties of the mind until at last the system was produced in its entirety.

But whatever additions were made to it were only made after long and careful observation, research and critical tests, and with the co-operation of the ablest and most practical psychologists. At no stage has the Pelman System been experimental: the practical character which marked it in its earliest form has been maintained throughout and, to-day, it may justly be said to represent the quintessence of thirty-five years' experience in dealing with the needs, difficulties, and desires of more than half-a-million of men and women of all ranks and conditions.

We shall be glad to send you a copy of *The Science of Success*, 48 pages, post free. You can make just a bare application by letter or postcard. Your inquiry will be regarded as a confidential communication. You are sure to be interested in at least one of the people who, in *The Science of Success*, speak highly of Pelmanism from practical experience.

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## Correspondence

### Asking for More

SIR,—Your issue of March 10th was my first introduction to your inestimable weekly. Among the many good things, the one I enjoyed most was the striking article by Lady Houston. I like hard hitting in political thought and writing, and in this article she certainly hits straight from the shoulder. Like Oliver Twist, I ask for more.

S. COLEMAN.

St. Andrew's Vicarage,  
Glengall Road, Peckham, S.E.15.

[You shall get it.—Ed.]

### Our Air Defences

SIR,—I have read with great interest the articles on our air defence in your periodical.

I am only an unemployed man now, but I, like others, went through the last War and know only too well the destruction caused by aerial warfare.

What we need is adequate defence both in the air and on the ground. Children in the schools should be taught the use of gas masks, and the Government ought to make provision for the supply when needed of gas masks and other appliances for combating gas; also there should be bomb-proof dug-outs where underground shelters are not available. We are at present inadequately safeguarded both up above and down below. Wishing you success in your good work.

S. V. ILIEVE.

48, Campbell Rd., Finsbury Park, N.4

### Cutting Down the Navy

SIR,—You have very rightly castigated the First Sea Lord for his complacent remark regarding the cutting down of the Navy's personnel. The latest blue-book on comparative naval strength reveals how weak our Navy is in ships as well. Of our 15 battleships, only four will be under 20 years on December 31, 1936, when the London Naval Treaty ceases to operate, whereas America will have eight and Japan five. Moreover, the blue-book shows that in every class of ship America and Japan have superiority in gun-power. So our Navy as well as our Air Force is gradually being reduced to the lowest Power standard.

J. A. JOHNSON.

Southsea.

### Russia's Anti-God Campaign

SIR,—May we call the attention of your readers to the work which the Christian Protest Movement has carried on since December, 1929, in pointing out the oppression of religion in Russia; the denial of the rights of citizenship to the clergy, and the avowed intention of the Soviet Government, in conjunction with the Communist International, to eradicate all religion within its borders.

During the past year the Movement has also shown the determination of the Soviet Government to spread the anti-God campaign throughout the British Empire. Information concerning these efforts has been widely circulated amongst the Churches and religious and patriotic organisations and societies throughout the country.

We are anxious to extend this educational campaign and to safeguard the children and young people from the menace of materialism.

There are those who say that it is not likely that Great Britain will be affected by this pernicious teaching, but the evidence shows that it would be unwise to accept this view. A very subtle campaign is being carried on in our schools and Universities, and this must be countered.

Information will be supplied and donations welcomed towards this object and should be addressed to the General Secretary, Christian Protest Movement, 41, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

KATHERINE ATHOLL,  
FITZALAN OF DERWENT, } Joint  
Glasgow, } Presidents.  
JAMES KNOWLES, Chairman.  
C. V. R. WRIGHT, Hon. Treasurer.  
S. M. DAWKINS, Secretary.

### Tanganyika's Future

SIR,—Mr. Wilfrid Robertson seems unduly pessimistic, and is certainly inaccurate in some of his statements. To say that the "Grow More Crops" campaign in Tanganyika proved a dismal failure is absurd; despite drought over much of the territory last year, new export records were set up by six different commodities of importance, and still further progress is expected this season. The truth is that the campaign has exceeded the anticipations of its organisers. Again, to state that the only exports are those "from the tiny European areas of Moshi and Arusha" is hopelessly inaccurate, for they provide but a fraction of the territory's shipments. Nor is he correct when he asserts that "in the areas allowed for European domicile, the Germans outnumber the British by about four to one."

Similarly, his conclusion that we must either annex Tanganyika or surrender it to the Germans is unsound. The terms of the Mandate provide that any fundamental change in status can be made only by a unanimous vote of the Council of the League of Nations, of which Germany is a member. Thus annexation is out of the question. To suggest, therefore, that we should surrender the country to Germany is a policy of despair. It overlooks the fact that the Mandate specifically authorises an administrative, fiscal, and customs union with the neighbouring British territories. The obvious destiny of Tanganyika is that of a State in one Great East African Dependency, incorporating at the outset Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika.

"EFFENDI."

91, Gt. Titchfield St., London, W.1.

### Britain's Defence

SIR,—In last week's issue you mentioned the friends of the Prime Minister. What few friends he had then, they are even fewer since Sir Roger Keyes showed him up in his true colour the other day.

The *Saturday Review* does well to talk about a larger Navy and Air Force, but what about the Army, especially the Artillery? Aircraft is not much use when there are anti-aircraft guns concealed about the country.

"Medwyn," Cavendish Drive,  
Rock Ferry, Birkenhead.

F. KNELLER.

### The New "Saturday"

SIR,—I would like to congratulate the *Saturday Review* on its wonderful revival recently, which is largely due, I understand, to the kind offices of a gracious lady. The *Saturday Review* is historic among the newspapers of the world, and therefore we rejoice at this rejuvenation. At Brighton Corporation Reference Library the cover holding the *Saturday Review* had become nearly worn out, in fact, very shabby. To-day, however, it has an absolutely new cover, which seems to be quite in keeping with the "transformation scene" performed in the newspaper, to the honour of which it has been supplied.

J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

Burgess Hill, Sussex.

### "Conserve" the True Slogan

SIR,—When as in 1929 the Conservative Central Office issued a pamphlet, appropriately printed in red and black, boasting that the Conservatives had spent 5s. to every 4s. spent by the Socialists in the alleged "social reform," we get some idea as to why genuine Conservatives, the largest body of electors in the country, become disgusted at the "pink" proclivities of Conservative Headquarters and abstain from voting.

It was this abstention which threw Mr. Baldwin overboard and which will throw out the National Government unless the 470 Conservative M.P.'s get busy quickly and revise their ideas about the meaning of the word "conserve."

All the bribery in the world will never make a Socialist vote Conservative, but such bribery alienates a sufficient number of genuine Conservative voters to lose elections both General and Municipal.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck St., London, W.1.



## The Theatre

**W**ITHOUT Sybil Thorndike, the play "Double Door" at the Globe Theatre would not be worth seeing. Only her intense and fine acting carries it through; when she was off the stage, the audience was frankly bored.

The truth is that Elizabeth McFadden's play is built up only on four character studies. Three of them are weak; the fourth, Miss Thorndike, is superb.

She is Victoria Van Brett, a martinet of the type which would only be possible in the 'nineties, the period of the play. By a reign of terror, she completely saps the will-power of her sister (Christine Silver) and her brother (Mr. Nares).

She tries, with success, to extend her reign to her brother's wife (Carol Goodner) who, as we expect, is not a fit match for a Van Brett.

Helped by the Van Brett family shrines in the sitting room, between which is a secret double door leading to a sound-proof vault where the head of the Van Bretts used to sleep, a strong Grand Guignol atmosphere is sustained.

This is intensified at the end when the family revolts against their elder sister's sadist rule and leave her, gibbering and stricken, at the mouth of the vault in which she has tried to bury alive her brother's wife.

R.B.

### "The Middle Window"

I have always been something of a sceptic on the subject of Schools of Dramatic Art, because I do not believe that the art of acting can be taught by these methods. A person is either a natural actor, in which case it is not instruction but experience which he requires, or else he is not a natural actor, in which case no power on earth will make him into one.

It was therefore with some misgivings that I went to Swiss Cottage to see the students of the Embassy School of Acting, in "The Middle Window," and I came away with my opinions unchanged. There was one outstanding performance and three very good ones—and for the rest—Silence! What Mr. William Devlin, Miss Erica Lloyd, Miss Irma Angelo and Mr. Peter Ashmore require now is not tuition but experience in the hard School of repertory. They must forget what they have been taught and start again at the bottom, walking-on, understudying—anything which comes their way. I wish them luck, they have talent.

The rest of the cast would be well advised to take up some other profession.

### Valeska Gert

The Art's Theatre Club has been and still could be a vital force in the life of the English Theatre. It would therefore be a thousand pities if it allowed itself to become the "Arty" Theatre Club. If last Sunday night's performance is any criterion there is a distinct danger that this may occur.

We were invited to see Valeska Gert—"famous continental grotesque" (*vide* programme).

It is difficult to describe her performance. It was certainly not dancing, equally certainly not miming, not even grotesque. It was merely silly. Of course, the Bloomsbury boys in their little goalkeeper's jerseys applauded vociferously. It was too, too baroque my dears!

There were also some piano solos. Whether they were supposed to be grotesque I could not say.

I am not usually successful at games of chance, but I am willing to bet any of the bogus Bohemians in the audience two vermilion jumpers and a beard (part-worn) to a pint of English ale out of an English flagon that, had the lady's name been Edna Smith, she would not have been allowed to appear.

If the Arts Theatre Club wishes to retain the loyalty of its members and the public it must not sponsor this type of performance.

RUSSELL GREGORY.

## The Cinema

By Mark Forrest

**A**S is customary the week before Easter, the majority of the cinemas save their powder for the holidays, and the new pictures shown this week are not particularly strong. At the Empire is the screen version of "The Cat and the Fiddle"; this bears no great resemblance to the musical comedy which ran so successfully over here a year or two ago. Whether for that reason or some other, the film is a somewhat dreary affair.

At the Tivoli is the new Lee Tracy picture; this is cast in the same mould as his recent films—in other words, it is a mixture of wise-cracks and sugariness. This will be replaced for Bank Holiday by "The Lady of the Boulevards," in which Anna Sten makes her long-awaited appearance; it is over two years since she was taken to Hollywood to be "groomed," and they have been at the business ever since. I only hope that they haven't spoiled her.

At the Regal, "The House on 56th Street," which is a poor drama with Kay Francis for its star, will give way to Paul Muni's new picture, "The World Changes." This actor gave a very fine performance in his last film, which exposed prison life in the American gaols. The story this time shows the growth of the meat packing industry; it is a tale of four generations beginning in North Dakota and ending in Wall Street.

The Academy will continue to show "La Robe Rouge," which I criticised some time ago.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford Street. (Ger. 2981)

Premiere Brieux's Famous Drama of Justice

**"LA ROBE ROUGE" (A)**

and from Friday, March 30th

**"90° SOUTH" (U)**

Scott's Epic Conquest of the Antarctic

# Strength of Industrials

## Profits of Mining Finance Houses

[By Our City Editor]

**T**HE Easter holidays usually mark a "doldrums" period for Stock Markets, for the holidays themselves are followed closely by the Budget, and all the uncertainties attaching to the annual national demonstration of financial jugglery which naturally tend to restrict investment activity. But this year the Easter account has been a most active one with gilt-edged strong on the prospect of a realised Budget surplus of around £30,000,000 and hopes of income-tax relief.

### Mining Finance Profits

Three of the great Anglo-South African mining finance Houses have announced their results this week and their profit figures show how great has been the benefit derived from the high sterling price for gold, and the departure of South Africa from the gold standard. The General Mining and Finance Corporation made profits for 1933 of £363,354 against £229,378 and £150,000 is brought in from a contingency reserve. The dividend for the year is 20 per cent., against 10 per cent. for 1932, and nil for the previous three years, general reserve is strengthened by an allocation of £200,000 and over £125,000 is carried forward.

The Union Corporation, which is interested in industrial undertakings in addition to mining concerns, reports profits for 1933 of no less than £452,054 against £256,058 for the previous year and the dividend for the year is 6s. per share, against 3s. 6d. per share in 1932 when no interim payment was made. General reserve is strengthened by various allocations to £964,811.

The Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa is rapidly overtaking the arrears of cumulative preferred dividend which is now paid to June 30, 1932. Profits for 1933 were £470,479 against £120,324 in 1932. The sum of £482,000 remains unappropriated which is sufficient to allow of all the arrears of preferred dividend being extinguished. The balance sheet shows a strong position and the company has cash and gilt-edged securities of over £2,300,000.

### Oil Shares

One of the most disappointing sections of the speculative markets has been that for Oil shares which have suffered a fresh "Bear point" in the reduction of 1d. per gallon in petrol prices. The depreciation in the American dollar allows Oil to

be placed here at lower sterling cost, however, which should offset the reduction to a large extent.

Trinidad Leaseholds, a British company, which markets "Regent" spirit, now yield over 4½ per cent. on last year's dividend, Anglo-Persian yield about 4 per cent. gross, and Shell about 3¾ per cent. gross. V.O.C. who are associated with the Shell-Royal Dutch group return over 6 per cent. on the last dividend and Lobitos, who operate in Peru, return over 5 per cent. Burmah Oil, financially very strong and with large interests in Anglo-Persian, return well over 4 per cent. Oil shares are the one speculative market which have not yet enjoyed strength and activity during the search for capital appreciation and one cannot help feeling that their time must come.

### National Bank of India

Allowing for the contraction of commercial activity with the East during last year the National Bank of India's profits for the past year make a very satisfactory showing, for though gross profit was slightly lower at £1,021,249 the net profit was £450,782 against £450,198 in the previous year, and the usual 20 per cent. dividend requires £200,000, the sum of £50,000 being placed to pensions reserve. The balance sheet shows fairly healthy movements, for while deposits are about £500,000 down at £29,636,000 loans are about £200,000 up at £10,805,737. There is, however, a sharp decline in the bill holding to £3,553,507, surplus funds, as is the case with the English banks, having found their way into investments.

### Apollinaris Results

But for America's departure from the gold standard during the year Apollinaris and Presta, Ltd., the well-known table-water manufacturers, would have achieved higher profits last year. As it is, the non-recurring losses in connection with the depreciation of the dollar have been entirely written off and profits were £31,251 compared with £34,880 for 1932. Interest and sinking fund requirements absorb £44,237, leaving the "carry forward" lower at £75,402. The outlook for the company's American trade in the current year is encouraging as might be expected following the repeal of prohibition, but export trade continues poor and it is satisfactory that sales of the purely British Presta aerated waters should have again increased to maintain the company's revenue.

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Reserve Fund	£2,200,000
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KARACHI	MANDALAY	KISUMU		
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## GENERAL BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1933

Dr.	The Rupee Assets and Liabilities have been converted at the rate of 1/6 per Rupee.	Cr.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Capital:		
Authorised and Subscribed, 160,000 Shares of £25 each, £4,000,000		
Paid up £12 10s. per share ... 2,000,000 0 0		
To Reserve Fund ... 2,200,000 0 0		
To Current, Fixed Deposit and other Accounts, including provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts and Contingencies ... 29,636,308 5 5		
To Bills Payable ... 760,817 17 9		
To Acceptances for Customers ... 382,996 4 3		
To Profit and Loss Account, as under ... 499,789 18 0		
To Bills receivable, re-discounted, £2,938,663 7s. 7d. of which up to 17th March, 1934, £2,413,368 13s. 7d. have run off. Forward Contracts outstanding for the Purchase and Sale of Sterling Bills and Telegraphic Transfers £7,602,374 4s. 5d.		
<b>£35,479,912 5 5</b>		
	By Cash on hand, at call and at Bankers ... 4,563,811 4 11	
	By Bullion on hand and in transit ... 109,133 2 4	
	By Indian Government Rupee Securities ... 4,672,944 7 8	
	By British Government Securities, Indian Government Guarantee Debentures and other Securities (of which £300,000 War Loan lodged with Bank of England as security for Government Accounts) ... 5,585,774 6 0	
	By House Property and Furniture at cost, less amounts written off ... 9,788,374 8 11	
	By Bills of Exchange including Treasury Bills ... 690,579 10 11	
	By Discounts, Loans Receivable, and other sums due to the Bank ... 3,553,506 18 8	
	By Customers for Acceptances per Contra ... 10,805,736 11 10	
	By Customers for Acceptances per Contra ... 382,996 4 3	
	<b>£35,479,912 5 5</b>	

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the Year ended 31st December, 1933

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To ad interim dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum for the Half-year ended 30th June, 1933 ... 200,000 0 0	By Balance at 31st December, 1932 ... 529,007 4 0
To Expenses of Management at Head Office and Branches, including Directors' Fees £8,645 ... 570,466 8 10	Dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended 31st December, 1933 ... £200,000 0 0
To Balance ... 499,789 18 0	Officers' Pension Fund ... 50,000 0 0
	Contingencies Account ... 30,000 0 0
	<b>280,000 0 0</b>
	Balance brought forward ... 249,007 4 0
	By Gross Profits for the year ended 31st December, 1933, after providing for all bad and doubtful Debts ... 1,021,249 2 10
	<b>£1,270,256 6 10</b>
<b>£1,270,256 6 10</b>	

W. ROSS MUNRO, General Manager.  
G. B. LINTON, Sub-Manager and Accountant.

C. C. McLEOD }  
J. P. HEWETT } Directors.  
E. J. HAWKE }

## REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE MEMBERS

We have audited the above Balance Sheet with the Books in London and the certified Returns from the Branches. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is full and fair, containing the particulars required by the Regulations of the Company, and is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

London, 19th March, 1934.

COOPER BROTHERS & CO.,  
W. A. BROWNE & CO., } Auditors.  
Chartered Accountants }



## Annuities

No. 3

By A. H. Clarke

**H**ERE are some examples of how the purchase of an annuity made the difference between a mere existence and a life of comfort. These are cases which I personally know.

(A) A single lady of 65, living in the dull respectability of Bayswater, had all her capital—£3,000—in War Loan. The income of £105 a year was hardly enough to exist on. She had no relatives or dependents, and so she was advised to buy an annuity. She now receives £265 per annum, and finds that with a little care she can spend a part of the year in the South of France.

(B) Man and his wife, aged 67 and 64 respectively. One son aged 35, who is married with two children. The parents were anxious to help their son to extend his business. Their present capital of £10,000, yielding £350 per annum, obviously left nothing for this purpose.

With £5,000 they purchased a joint annuity, which increased their income from £350 to £442 per annum. The balance of £5,000 was the direct means of the son being put on his feet.

(C) A retired Anglo-Indian, with £5,000 (his Provident Fund) invested £3,000 of it in a motor business. In fourteen months' time, his £3,000 had gone. He wanted to put the balance of his capital into a similar business, but he was prevailed upon to buy an annuity. For £2,000 he obtained an income for life of £181 3s., which is more than the income from £5,000 in 3½ per cent. War Loan.

Annuities are a definite, safe and guaranteed form of investment. There is no trouble or risk of loss attendant upon capital which has to be re-invested at maturity. The human element is entirely eliminated. Once an annuity is purchased, worry is minimised.

To people who are merely existing on a small income, the purchase of an annuity is something which they should seriously consider. I will be happy to give any advice desired.

**E.R.M.** writes: "I have a son of 18 and would be glad if you would advise me as to the best policy. I can afford about £20 a year."

I would suggest an Endowment Policy under which the profits are used to shorten the endowment term. £1,000 worth of assurance of this kind would cost you £18 18s. per annum.

\* \* \*

**Sister L.D.** writes: "Will you tell me how much I would have to pay and what pension I would receive at age 55 or 60? My present age is 38."

For a monthly payment of under £4 you would receive at age 55 a pension of £10 per month for life; and £2 9s. per month would yield you at 60 an income of £10 per month for life. Both these pensions would be guaranteed for 10 years.

\* \* \*

**Taunton** writes: "Do all companies guarantee the amount they will return if a policy is discontinued?"

Some English companies and all Canadian companies guarantee their cash surrender values.

## COMPANY MEETINGS

### LONDON & THAMES HAVEN OIL WHARVES, LIMITED

Presiding yesterday, at Winchester House, London, E.C., at the 36th Annual Meeting of the London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves, Ltd., Mr. Thomas C. J. Burgess (the Chairman) stated that the board met the shareholders with the utmost satisfaction. Everything necessary to maintain the high standard of financial stability and the capacity to extend the influence of the company, had been taken care of.

The Chairman commented upon the potential and increasing value of the company's asset in freehold land at Thames Haven. The French investment had shown considerable progress, and during the present year the Port of Havre Authority and C.I.M. should both complete their programme. The Port had already widened the entrance to the harbour to 833 feet, and it only remained to complete the dredging giving the entrance channel a regular and permanent depth of over 30 feet at lowest tide.

In addition to their ordinary business, the French company in the last eight months of 1933 had landed and delivered to the refineries nearly 750,000 tons of crude oil. The passenger ships dealt with showed an increase of 20 per cent. over 1932; the amount of cargo handled an increase of 20 per cent. also. In April, 1933, the number of passenger ships calling at the Port of Havre exceeded for the first time in its history the number of similar ships calling at the Port of Cherbourg. Of the calls at Havre, over 60 per cent. were made at the C.I.M. quays. Havre had thus won from Cherbourg the position of premier port for North Atlantic travel traffic.

After a tribute to his friend, Mr. Alfred C. Adams, the co-managing director, and the work of the staff, the accounts were passed, and the dividend and bonus confirmed.

### APOLLINARIS & PRESTA, LTD.

The Thirty-seventh Annual General Meeting was held on Tuesday last at the Holborn Restaurant, the Chairman of the Company, Mr. Alfred R. Holland, presiding.

In proposing the adoption of the Director's Report and the Accounts for the year ending 31st December, 1933, the Chairman said that the past year had been an anxious one in which the largely increased profits of some sections of the business had been insufficient to counteract the decreases in others.

Apollinaris sales in the British Isles continued to be satisfactory, although they were handicapped by increased costs owing to Germany's being still on the Gold Standard.

Their Export business, he regretted to say, had nearly disappeared owing to tariffs, exchange restrictions, and the like, and although the chaotic conditions of international trade could surely not be permanent, the immediate outlook was unsettled.

The sales and profits of Presta had benefited substantially from the exceptionally fine summer, and the famous Presta Sparkling Grape Fruit continued to be a great success. All advertising expenditure on both Presta and Apollinaris had been written off.

The Company's financial position was sound, and he felt hopeful regarding the future, particularly in view of their growing Presta business.

The Managing Director, Mr. F. J. Schilling, seconded the adoption of the Report and the Accounts, and referred to the Company's American business, which had been placed on an entirely new basis since the last General Meeting. Already in 1934 they had sufficient orders on hand to show a handsome profit on their American business, where last year there had been a heavy loss.

The Report and Accounts were adopted unanimously, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the staff.